

DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE

FOR 1933

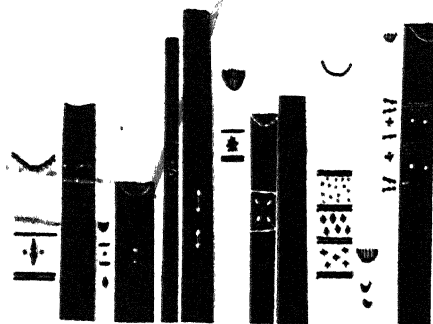
By

ATHIE SALE DAVIS

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DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE

For 1933



An Annual Barometer of the Sentiment
of the American People



Fifteenth Annual Edition



Illustrated



Edited by
ATHIE SALE DAVIS



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By **ATHIE SALE DAVIS**

THE TAPESTRIES OF DREAMS

What shall we call these Tapestries of Dreams,
Through which the varied human sentiment,
That soothes and gladdens souls by burdens bent,
Runs like bright strands of brilliant sunlit streams,
Enclosing in their weave of patterns, new,
Bright scenes of joy on backgrounds drab, of life,
Of home, of church, of peace which follows strife,
Like wind-caresséd blossoms wet with dew?

Some tapestries are colorless and dull,
Because the weaver discards short, bright bits,
Of tangled threads, requiring time to cull;
But Tapestries of Dreams are ne'er misfits.

ANTHOLOGIES—these TAPESTRIES of Dreams—
Though dark or bright, each rich with ardor teems!

Alice Sutton McGeorge.

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FOREWORD

This volume marks the fifteenth annual issue of Davis' Anthology of Newspaper Verse.

All during the years, the founder, Franklyn Pierre Davis, held to his original idea,—and I have followed his plan. Believing that Newspaper Verse is the accurate expositor of the sentiments of the people concerning current events, only such poems have found place in the successive issues as seemed to record the pulse-beats of the great heart of the masses of the people.

A mirror, reflecting faithfully human emotions, and a barometer recording the fervor of these sentiments, Newspaper Verse, always fresh and seasonal, excels in human interest and a popular appeal. Much of it compares favorably with that of the more pretentious publications.

Not all the verse that appears in the periodical literature of the time can be dignified by the name of the poetry. The per cent of real poetry is negligible. However, the poetry columns of the Newspapers bring to the readers much sentiment, beauty and truth, in free verse or in the regular verse forms. Many Newspapers are adding this poetry feature to their daily, weekly or monthly special issues.

Two well-known poets passed away in 1933. They were Sara Teasdale and Henry Van Dyke. Verses paying tribute to their memory appeared in many of our Newspapers.

Outstanding subjects for the year were: Old Vacant Houses, Century of Progress Fair, Gypsy poems, President Roosevelt and The New Deal.

Many poems were written eulogizing that strong, silent man, Calvin Coolidge, who guided the destinies of our nation, not only through his administration as President of the United States, but through the years that followed, by his literary works.

Newspaper Verse this year, as usual, touched largely on the current incidents of the times, thus weaving a new pattern from the same human emotions, reacting to new and varied incidents of human interest.

I deeply appreciate the loyal co-operation and encouragement given me in carrying on this work, by authors, editors and columnists.

ATHIE SALE DAVIS.

STAND BY THE PRESIDENT

Awake, arise, the trumpet calls
To rouse us to the fight!
Fall in, close ranks, press bravely on
For Country and for Right
A leader of surpassing worth
Our God to us hath lent,
So buckle on our armor bright—
Stand by the President!

Remember, ours the duty is
His hands to hold on high,
To tread with him the thorny path
Without regret or sigh.
If we but help, he cannot fail,
Our leader God hath sent,
So battle manfully and true—
Stand by the President!

The Athol (Mass.) Transcript.

March 22, 1933.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence.

CLEAN-UP DAY

It's clean-up day, so git yer rake
An' come along, fer goodness sake;
Let's rake the rocks, an' build a pile
An' make folks think we live in style.
An' make a bed fer tiny pinks
Fer touch-me-nots that kinder blinks
An' bust, when touched, an' spill
Their seed
Jist a whole lot nicer 'ner a weed.

So hurry up an' bring the hoe
Let's plant the seed, an' see 'em grow
'Tis pansies, say, hez right o' way,
The mostest fun to see 'em bloom
When spring time comes,
They seem to holler "Give us room."

It's pansies here, and pansies there,
Jist give a start, they're everywhere.

Say Chick, let's plant some larkspur too
Fer fun, an' holly hawks, red, white and blue
An' iris all along the walks
Thet grow ferever an' a day.
You'll never hafto work but p-l-a-y
An' let the bloomin' weeds jist grow
An' plant theirselves jist everywhar, ye know,

So jist this onct let's clean the yard
Work like the mischief, rake it hard
An' primp a little, plant the flowers
An' you'll save jist hours an' hours
Fer play.

Henry Coffin Fellow.

The Bella Vista (Ark.) News.

APARTMENT BEDROOM

The paper on the wall is hideous with gilt and crimson,
Busy curves and flowers!
So many changing patterns for the eyes to follow
Through the weary hours.
Diagonal erratic themes of blue
Go waving oddly intersected where
Opposing patterns weave obliquely through
To jump abruptly to a pointed square.
And up and down a dozen faces grow;
They cluster round the door,
Fantastic animals with oblong lines
Whose unexpected shapes the mind designs
Among the muddle of blue and gold and red
That uglifies the walls around the bed,—
Mesmeric, unintended versions schemed
From one convention a tired artist dreamed.

The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. *Kate Rennie Archer.*
"The Poetic Viewpoint."

RENEWAL

Spring cleans her house of Winter gloom,
And raises last year's shades
While brushing cobwebs off the sun
And painting hills and glades.

Again the tiny warbler's throat
Is heard in soft refrain,
As burnished, lambent sunbeams stay
The fingers of the rain.

*The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. Myrtle Alice McCarcy.
"The Poetic Viewpoint", April 15, 1933.*

AWKWARDNESS

The delicacy of a glance,
The deftness of a gesture made,
The subtlety of thought unvoiced,
I have betrayed.

As a slender crystal vase
By a clumsy hand is stirred,
I broke a silent confidence
With one swift word.

*The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. Rosalie Moore.
"The Poetic Viewpoint."*

SENTRY

We could not shut him out for long,
For bootless our time-daring bars;
He harnesses, as light and song
To find the way, the lantern stars.

Quietly, unperceived, he rides
Under our lintel, up the stair;
Swinging his thurible, he glides
Fleetly among us, unaware.

He swings his ether, and its fumes,
Incense to Morpheus, curl up
Over us through the dark-filled rooms,
From the moon's tilted silver cup.

We ward him off, but when he wins
Entrance, we beg that he will keep
Calm watch; his sentry work begins
As we move slowly into sleep.

All pain, all passion blotted out,
We lie transfigured while he lingers.
And then the sunup with a shout
Drops golden hours from his fingers.

The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. Benjamin Musser.
"The Poetic Viewpoint", September 23, 1933.

MEASUREMENT

Not by your stature do I measure you;
Not by your face: the quality of thought
Portrayed in all you say and write and do,
Reveals to me the one whom I have sought.
So searchingly I read you here, and there,
Retain a phrase or two which tells to me
More of your being than you are aware,
Disclosing kinship in our ancestry.
It matters not if you have reached success,
Or if good fortune waits for you ahead;
It matters only there is happiness
For me in work of yours that I have read;
So do I call you friend, and to you draw
As steel responds unto the magnet's law.

The Berkeley (Calif.) Courier. Eve Brazier.
"The Poetic Viewpoint", May, 1933.

TO RIDE WITH THE WIND

Oh, to ride with the east wind
As clear and cold it blows
Over the top of the mountains
Fresh from eternal snows;

Oh, to dance with the south wind
And all dull things disdain,
Oh, to play with the south wind
And laugh and frisk in the rain;

Oh, to sing with the west wind
And murmur through the pines
Drowsy stories and love notes
Where the lingering summer shines;

Oh, to leap with the north wind
From cedar bough to fir,
And all the sleeping winter world
To mad upheaval stir;

Oh, for the daring and courage!
Who says the free have sinned?
Give me a day—a year—or a day
To exult and to ride with the wind.

The Berkeley (Calif.) Gazette. *A. Teresa Moore.*
October 25, 1933.

SENTINEL REDWOOD REMEMBERS

Ages of scented silence! Centuries of patient growing!
Laughter and tears of a thousand years enfolding, hold-
ing, knowing
Worship of tribes departed, conquest, joy and repining,
Music of by-gone bird songs, secret of stars' lost shining.

Wild things at play in the forest, long before man's
short spanning,
Avalanche, precipice, canyon and glacial torrent scan-
ning,
Comet that swept through aeons, trailing a star-dust
river,

Storm cloud and ocean paeans that rose to the One Great
Giver.

Ages of scented silence! Centuries of patient growing!
Laughter and tears of a thousand years enfolding, hold-
ing, knowing
Genius and burning ambition, glow of the camp-fire
embers,
Song and story and woodland play, myths of the past,
ideals today
God's sentinel, Redwood, remembers.

The Berkeley (Calif.) Gazette.
May 3, 1933.

Bessie I. Sloan.

THE ROSE BOWL

Potters so skillful were April and May,
On their wheel they had fashioned of commonest clay
A thing of great beauty, an emerald bowl,
Embellished with leaves and a vine's twisted scroll
Then they went off and left it, and June, in delight,
Filled it full of her roses so fragrant and bright.

The Bracken County (Ky.) News.
June 15, 1933.

Ruth Winslow Gordon.

THE GLEANER

The grain that clothed the Fields of Fame
Is long since harvested
By certain other husbandmen,—
By reapers who are dead!

No reaper but a gleaner, I,
Who follow in their wake;
And from the scatterings they left
My scanty toll I take.

But tho' my days are long and hard,
And meagre is the spoil,
I sometimes think immortal ghosts
Walk with me as I toil!

The Brattleboro Reformer.

Arthur Goodenough.

TONG WAR

Ti Lo will slant his eyes no more
Or laugh within the laundry store.

Cold irons rest upon the stand
That steamed beneath a slender hand.

They found him when the dawn was red
A knife thrust deep within his head,

With that strange look of startled fear
When death had whispered, drawing near,

Ti Lo, my father's bones shall rest.
For mine has been a fruitful quest.

I bear a gift that's over due—
This knife my friend belongs to you.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.
August 12, 1933.

J. Horace Losh.

RETRIBUTION

"The world lies under the surgeon's knife," a Hindu
said.

Yes, 'tis God's retribution for foul wrongs
Inflicted on His helpless ones.

For long they lay between your scalpel and your knife,
Unheard their bitter cry by you.

But God both saw and knew!

God's justice has two aspects—a singular and a sodality.

He punishes the perpetrators of foul deeds

And also those who raise no voice to aid.

All are of equal guilt beneath His eye.

This brought the war. "I will repay," said He,

"All these foul deeds of inhumanity."

Repent ye, therefore, ere He cleanse our place

To fill it later with a nobler race!

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express.
November 18, 1933.

Phoebe A. Naylor.

THE LUCKLESS FOUR LEAF

I spied a four-leaf clover
Nestling in its clover bed;
I plucked the little treasure,
It will bring good luck 'twas said.
I pressed it 'tween the pages
Of a book I sometimes read,
But no good luck has sought me
To reward my ruthless deed.
When next I saw the clover
In the volume as I read
I thought I heard it whisper,
And it seemed as if it said:
I could not bring you good luck
For, alas, you see I'm dead.

re Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express.
Jan. 30, 1933.

Millard S. Burns.

FOR A GYPSY IN PRISON

Never again the wind from the high Sierras;
Never again the far, dim trail
And the smell of tar weed and wet pine needles,
Nor call of the mountain quail.

Never again the laughing, mountain waters
Singing the lonely way to the sea;
Never again the madrone creamy with blossoms,
Nor blue, young growth of eucalypti.

Now shut within four close walls you hunger vainly
For life till your starry soul grows sick;
Turning this way and that and forever meeting
Four close walls, a roof and a lock click.

Four close walls and a low roof . . . dear God in heaven!
Four close walls, a roof—and a lock click
Over, and over, and over, while life goes inching
Toward death no prayer brings quick.

Never again the wind from the high Sierras;
Never again will you loafing lie
And hear wood-pigeons calling each to the other;
Never again the sky.

The Carmel Pine Cone.

Annice Calland.

APPRECIATION

I'm glad for all the lovely things of life . . .
For apple orchards blooming in the spring;
Blue irises against a sunlit wall
Long flights of honking wild geese on the wing;
For pungent bonfires smoldering in the fall,
And water tumbling over polished rocks;
For lazy black and orange butterflies,
For tidy sailing-boats and crimson phlox;
Dark-silhouetted trees on blood-red skies
And yellow lights that quiver in the rain;
For silent seagulls dipping in the spray;
The restful calm that follows after pain
And silent darkness at the close of day.

The Carmel Pine Cone.
July 14, 1933.

Helen Miller Lehman.

ROSE OF MINE

I planted a rose in my garden,
Near a trellis that ran to the eaves
Of my cottage of dull gray shingles,
But the vine bore nothing but leaves.

One year, then two, I kept hoping,
And still there was never a bloom.
The vine filled only a corner,
But at that, it took up room.

When spring came again in its glory,
I looked at this rose of mine,
New shoots were valiantly sprouting
With rosebuds all over the vine.

The Catholic Observer.
October 19, 1933.

Marie Tello Phillips.

SHEPHERD

Little lost sheep, come back, come back,
The Master is calling you.
What if the fold is warm tonight
With faithful sheep and true?

A wandering sheep is still more dear;
All night He will roam the wild
Till He finds you, bruised and spent and torn,
And carries you Home, like a child.

The Catholic Transcript. Vera Keevers Smith.
"The Home", September 28, 1933.

CRITICS

My faith in self means more to me
Than plaudits of the throng,
And though I may be criticized,
If I have done no wrong,
I'll ride the crest of critics' wave
Though rough and fierce it be.
I'll cleave to what I think is right.
I'll keep my faith in me.

The Catholic Tribune Gernie Hunter.
"A Poem Corner", October 15, 1933.

LIFE'S SUNSET

I watched the sun sink over the hills,
With its after glow of delight.
Oh! how I wish that the end of my life,
Could be like the sunset I saw tonight.

The Catholic Tribune. Clara Peterson.
"A Poem Corner", November 18, 1933.

THE PRICE
(To the Assassin)

You faced the judge there with a grin
And boasted of your bloody sin.

Regret reigned not within your heart
For your outrageous, bloody part.

A nation mourns because of you,
And lays a martyr 'neath the blue.

The devil clapped his hands in glee,
And Christ ascended Calvary.

The Catholic Tribune.
"Poetry", May 6, 1933.

Marie Teresa Mackay.

BARGAIN DAY

There was a rise in the price of corn
And the harrowing of fields was done;
There was red in the sky when dawn was born
Promising hours of glorious sun.

They heard the Cardinal in the grove—
It woke them about the hour of five:
She smiled as she labored above the stove—
He whistled at milking; glad and alive.

When the furrow-toil of a rainy spring
Cramps the muscles and chills the blood
One loses any desire to sing—
One worries and dreads the gulleys and mud.

But to-day there is something claims the soul—
Something lyrical; rich with tone;
Better than plodding upon a knoll—
Better than hoeing a garden alone.

The city sounds and the city stores
Take them far from the weeds and soil—
They are wafted away to fairy shores;
A day's release from sweating and toil.

She has a purse; three dollar bills:
He has a glad surge in his veins—
It is good to flee from the rutted hills
When the hand grows cramped on the harness reins.
The Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette. Jay G. Sigmund.
June 4, 1933.

BANDITS OF THE TRAIL

Incredible the bandits of the trail,
Engraving legend on a forest hill
That drops from timberline to intervalle,
Unpunctuated by man's hoe or drill.
Here might the shade of Robin Hood return
To woo his Marian, while buried low
In bole of stricken oak, sharp eyes discern
The hidden dart from Little John's long bow.

Strange footprints tell the tale; the endless pace
Of creatures great and small, since time began;
Tracking life's mystery to interlace
A universal urge in one vast plan.
Bobwhite, or fox, or hare, or Robin Hood,
Grim bandits all, athirst for love and food.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Anne M. Robinson.
"Choir Practice", November 10, 1933.

BANNERS AGAINST DEFEAT

Life threw the joy, so briefly hers,
Down the throat of gulping years.
Now the frailest leaf that stirs
Drives a thousand spears
Through each silken barricade
Memory lifts for safe retreat.
How can tattered shreds be made
Banners against defeat?

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Lucia Trent.
"Choir Practice", November 10, 1933.

DOORS

I sing of doors
that shut the world out—
the prying fingers,
the searching eyes;
You draw your shade
and turn your key
and you are free to laugh
or beat your breast
or weep swift scalding tears;
You are alone.
Dear God, I know.

* * * *

Tears have long dried
and wound healed
into scars
and I have learned
to laugh again;
to lift my chin
and profit
by the pain
those black years bore;
But even yet and often
my eyes rest gratefully
on my closed door;
For even friendliness
at times intrudes;
and there's a bliss
in stretching out your hand
to loneliness.
Life crowds so,
roaring and shoving,
that to keep sweet,
we must have some
secluded spot
to give ourselves
to quietude.
And so I say
our deepest need
at times
is just a door
that we can lock.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice".

Joy O'Hara.

DREAMER CHILD

Dreamer child,
lover of calm and silence,
stranger to words,
weaving your joy out of odd, abandoned things—

Dreamer child,
friend of salt sand-grains and small lizards,
lover of warm hibiscus flowers and the glossy surfaces
of shells,
what do you see in the distance behind that veil of
silence?
What do you hear between the soft clash of leaf upon
leaf?

Dreamer child,
far away and intent,
is it that you know the language
of the birds?

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice", July 7, 1933.

Clifford Gessler.

DREAM FIBRE

Beyond the boundary of this earthly gyre,
There is a vision, actual to man
As that unfailing star, the guardian
Of every seaman and intrepid flyer.
No chart, however, gives the knowledge prior
To voyages. No legend has the plan
Of lanes that lead about the barbican
To all the glory of a castle spire.

The lens of dreams, alone, under the sign
Of truth which motivates the human heart,
Can focalize so imminent a goal.
How vastly rich the symmetry of line
And spirit,—like a Raphael whose art
Is ever radiant with an aureole.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice", June 9, 1933.

Ione Guerard.

FEET OF CLAY

They say I'm getting old, although my hair
As yet is not quite gray—nor am I quite
As lined or furrowed in my face; the blight
Of illness never dimmed my life, or care
Threw shadows in my eyes. I still can dare
The winter winds, and spring times's lilting flight;
I find a greater rarity—my plight
Is this—I found my idols false and bare.

On earthly things I find we can depend—
The rhythmic ebb and flow of life goes on
And will continue through eternity—
But oh, I crave some guardian angel send
Me surcease for that missing something, gone
From out my soul—the something I call me!

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *James Neill Northe.*
"Choir Practice", May 12, 1933.

SONNET

I do not fear the thought of that called death,
But what is hard to think of is man dying.
No use to weep from fright—no need for crying—
Last hours must come which may be sweet as breath
Of tea-olive so subtle underneath
The gentle soothing wind forever sighing;
Or swift as lightning, through the dark skies flying,
That forks and splits the virgin's jungle sheath.

The end may drag like breathless drawn-out days
When sun beats down, and there is no command
Left in the mind—nor can one longer stand
The torture of the hot relentless rays. . . .
Would that a tidal wave, sweeping the sand,
Might bear me outward to the silent land!

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Caroline Parker Smith.*
"Choir Practice".

NOTES ON BANKING

(After a Thirty-day Bank Moratorium)

Banks may open today
Tomorrow may close,
Man frets over each cent
And dollar that goes.
I wonder—
What's a dollar to a tree?
Not so much I venture
As the wind that blows
Thru its branches free.
Hereafter—
I'll bank on the tree,
Not one could then forlay
For fragrance, strength, and beauty,
Pay priceless dividend today.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice".

Ruth M. Luther.

THESE THINGS I ASK

If with some magic words
Three wishes I could make
I know the things my heart would ask
The gifts I'd gladly take.

A voice whose silvery sound
Would grip and softly stir,
The quiet depths within the hearts
Of every listener.

A face whose radiance
Was lit from love's own fire,
Whose smile could make the weak and worn
To finer things aspire.

And last a heart to serve
With willingness, and plan
More deeds of love for Christ the King,
More deeds of love for man.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice", July 7, 1933.

Mary Pollard Tynes.

GOOD ADVICE

I've given lots of good advice,
And had it followed once or twice;
And folks that want advice from me
Can always get it—and it's free.

I know the how and why and which
About this thing of getting rich;
But giving my advice away
Just keeps me poor from day to day.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. James Larkin Pearson.
"Choir Practice", June 9, 1933.

PRESCIENCE

I sang my bravest songs for you
Who did not care . . .
For love of you I wove my dreams
Shining and fair.

And now since neither dream nor song
Has reached its goal . . .
I'll wait—Sometime they'll find their way
Into your soul.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Josephine Aldrich Harris.
"Choir Practice", September 8, 1933.

SAINT AND SINNER

The lily is the cool white saint
Of flower folk. It grows within
The garden like a soul apart,
Immaculate of any sin.

A scarlet sinner blooms there too—
The poppy—and no man can tell
Which is more blest by sun and rain;
The good Lord loves them both so well!

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Adelaide Love.
"Choir Practice", May 12, 1933.

TRANSITION

The bud of the rose with its root in the sand
Has a fragrance that kindles the waves of the air
With the nectar of dreams and a kindlier brand
Of music and grace as the gift of the fair.
There's a vision of calm at the end of the day
And the sun's last adieu to the temporal pawn
In the hour of its drooping and nodding away
To leave but a stem to the breeze of the dawn.

The bud of the rose with its root in the sand
And the myriad men on the highway today
Tomorrow shall wither and silently pass
Like the ebb of the sea from its jailor, the strand;
As the moment of beauty that courses away
With the pearl of the rain on a panel of glass.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice", May 12, 1933.

Irl Morse.

GYPSY FIDDLER

Over the hills comes a gypsy boy,
A gypsy boy with a fiddle.
He laughs as he plays
Through blossomy days
One tune, that stops in the middle.

Squirrels and rabbits and new-white lambs
Skip to his hey-diddle-diddle,
And fluttering birds
Add chirruping words
To the air of the gypsy's fiddle.

Old men look up, as he passes by,
From pondering life's hard riddle;
He warms their bones
With the joyous tones
Of his impudent hey-diddle-diddle.

But O, sweet maidens, beware, beware
Of the dark-eyed boy with his fiddle.

Shut out the croon
Of that old, old tune
The tune that stops in the middle.

Katharine Murdoch Davis.
The Chelsea (Okla.) Reporter.

WHO HAS SET FOOT ON HEIGHTS

Who has set foot on heights and touched a star
With reverent finger-tip shall know
No more the valley's calm, nor go
In paths where strange winds singing blow,
Unhearing music. Height nor depth may bar
His striving wing—whose hand has touched a star.

Who has set foot on heights shall not again
Know loneliness. A hidden spring
Unlocks to his remembering
The flame that kindies common thing
Into breathless beauty . . . fainting hearts of men
See in his burning eyes—God—born again.

The Cherokee County (Okla.) Democrat-Star.
January 20, 1933. Hala Jean Hammond.

GHOST OF FRAGRANCE

It was only a faded violet
Hidden within an old book,
But it had the enchantment
Of a tender May wood
Where it had shyly blossomed
Beside an elfin brook.

Like an odd provoking ghost,
Its secret haunted the room;
Romance clung to the petals,
An illusive perfume,
Springtime, youth and love—
Held captive here by whom?

The Chicago (Ill.) News. *Millie Walton.*
"Hit or Miss", March 20, 1933.

PURPLE AND OLD LACE

Coiffed, massaged and manicured,
They carry three-score years so well,
Chatting in the lobby they
Are scenery for the hotel.

Matrons and grandmatrons these,
With waves newly set
And an ultra-modern air
In managing a cigarette.

Yet as bobbed heads hover close,
As clouds of smoke grow dense,
Potted palms give way before
An ancient backyard fence.

The Chicago (Ill.) News.

R. Albright.

IF I SHOULD PAUSE

If ever I should pause
In dim remembered pain
It will be when spring winds
Haunt the hills again.

And, if a whisper finds the way
That my heart cannot bar,
I'll know it's only April
Asking where you are.

The Chicago (Ill.) News.
March 22, 1933.

Lila Terry.

EXPERIENCE

I play games
Oh, very well!
I can kiss
And never tell.

I forget
When it is wise,
I can say things
With my eyes.

If I ever
Step on glass . . .
All scars heal . . .
I let it pass.

From experience
I have learned
How to play
And not get burned.

Love can't injure
Unless you
Believe a promise
To be true!

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Helen Welshimer.*
"A Line o' Type or Two", February 6, 1933.

DESERTED HOUSE

The sagging old deserted house which time
Elects to screen with reed and leafy spray—
A fair apology for rot and grime—
You pass it by beneath the light of day.
How different at night! An eerie power
Will bid you scan the open window panes;
And you will note that honeysuckles flower
On moonlit eaves, sawtoothed by wind and rains.
Presenting but a sorry sight by day,
It wields a strange enchantment with the night—
Oh, you will want to go and want to stay,
And you will turn as one impelled by flight.
Indelibly the memory will cling—
A place where fancy went adventuring.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Fan C. Smith.*
"Wake-Line", August 21, 1933.

LILIES OF THE POOR

There are no red geraniums at the windows,
Nor fancy jars with hyacinths in bloom.
Long strands of garlic and of bright red peppers
Swing from the ceiling of the kitchen-room.

The red-brick casement frame has caught a picture:
With garlic and red peppers as contour,
Small children crowd to gaze outside the window . . .
Their faces are the Lilies of the Poor.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.
"A Line o' Type or Two", January 4, 1933.

FRAGMENT

The dull green-bronze face
Of a Hindu god with folded hands
Stands complacently upon a mirrored shelf.
A lotus lily made of brass
Erect and unbending in a bowl of jade
Casts its shadow on the Sanskrit phrase
"Lay of the Higher Law."

A lighted candle drops wax buds
Upon the striped Italian scarf
Beneath the crystal stick:
The clock's untiring pendulum
Swings north and south, unceasingly;
A low-burning log
Cracks in final struggle for survival.

I drop "Collected Fruits of Chinese Prose"
Upon the worn Bokhara rug at my feet,
As I rise to answer the door
Where a boy stands—
Selling verbena, and laughing.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Rachel Mack Wilson.
"A Line o' Type or Two", February 9, 1933.

PRAIRIE SAGA

"I came here when the land
was black and mellow."

(Old Simon told the tale
one winter's night).

"A prairie land, but swamps
and sloughs were rank
with grass grown taller than
the tops of covered wagons,
grass that would lose you
on the brightest moonlit night.

I recollect the day, my first
to shove a plowshare
into Iowa soil, giving the
team their heads and slacking
lines between my shoulders
and their own, as if we'd found
a common thing to hold our interest.

"Too long I'd known the sea
and way green waters moved
from place to place beneath
the curling lash of windy whips;
and, too, I'd felt my legs were
more at home against a slanting deck
than 'gainst any land my eyes
had ever known.

But Sarah swore she'd done with
ships and long nights peering
through a misty window-pane
and seeing women with their knees
pressed to wet sand in
trembling prayer—land's a warm
comfort, so she said, that holds you
like a bride, when death has come . . .
but the sea takes you forever
and never brings you back to gaze upon.

"Still, a man's first love follows him,
and if it be the sea, then how
can he fill his ears with sounds
of mainstays creaking in the wind,
of salty ropes grooved through pulleys
on a winter's day?

"I pondered this, all this, as first
I set the shining blade, point downward,
slanting through the virgin sod;
it seemed to me that I had traded
the thing I wanted for the things
that I must break my heart against
for all my days.

Holding to that opinion,
I seized the handles of the plow,
aware that things were strange,
for handles of a wheel's spokes
turn upward 'stead of curving down.

"And then a miracle happened,
like in the Book it tells
of passing-strange things a man
finds meet to believe . . .
a miracle of jingling chains on tugs,
of harness leather singing taut
with strain, like ropes fair-rigged
beneath an ocean breeze . . .
and more . . . a noise of brushing wings
against the air, and gulls
were all around us—wheeling gulls
that dipped to light upon the
black soil furrow, and then rose up
to mew their welcome
to a sea-born man!

Nor was that all, for now the grass
was moving underneath the wind
like waves, green waves of water . . .
and something of the earth's feel,
some knowledge of its friendliness,
came like a benediction down upon me,
while scents of roots deep-buried
had gained a sudden salty tang.

"And Sarah, watching from a near-by hill,
knew she had won . . . knew that my battle
was finished now, and seas and ships
could go their way . . . but I
had learned to set my feet to earth
and bend it to my ends.

Nor have I, to this day, the least regret
at what I did; I've found

living is best where you may hold
a tangible thing within your hand,
a clod of earth that breaks to dust
between your fingers . . . but some remains.
Wind, when you've dipped your hands
in water from the sea, takes the last drop
and you have nothing left."

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Don Farran.
"A Line o' Type or Two", February 8, 1933.

CYCLE

Autumn shall burnish April's silver sheen,
And make a copper landscape out of green.
Winter shall cover summer's lavish gold
With diamonds that only frost can hold.
Spring shall restore her silver; autumn's blight
Shall be outwitted in a single night,
While summer's splendor shall retrieve her pledge
From winter's grasp, in every yellow hedge.

The Christian Science Monitor. Elinor Lennen.
October 27, 1933.

WONDERS YET TO BE

Upon the rose garden
The warm rain softly falls
As though to winter-pinioned roots
Persuasively it calls.

A sudden bird trilling—
What matter dripping wing?
Within the barren thicket feels
Impelling urge to sing.

Though cheerless skies hover,
There buds the lilac tree:
I, too, shall sing because I must
For wonders yet to be.

The Christian Science Monitor.
March 22, 1933. Maude de Verse Newton.

ONLY THIS

For the rest,
I have nothing to say.

Only this:
Let us take today.
Take today
With nothing beyond,
Pretend the right
To be gay and fond.
Go together,
Hand in hand,
To watch at the door
Of wonderland.
Choose a road
Like a winding stair,
Look at each other
In the heady air,
Float with clouds
And drink the sun,
Walk sedately
Or dare to run
Flinging our shadows
Away in the wood;
Find a print
Where two lovers stood
Heart to heart . . .
And look away.

For the rest,
I have nothing to say.

The Cleveland (O.) News. *Beulah Allyne Bell.*
November 28, 1933.

A GIFT OF LOVELINESS

You brought me springtime
While winter played—
A gift of loveliness
When spring delayed.

Slim pussywillows
Silvering on the bough,

And rosy japonica's
In blossom now.

For one, who by his estimate,
Must give a little gift
You choose my dear, for me—
Exquisitely.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Hazel Shinn Krumm.
May 31, 1933.*

MEN WORKING

Up! Up! Up!
Higher yet ascending
Song of toil and sweat
With even, hammered flailing,
Riveting and pounding,
Thinking, planting, reaping,
Ever rising this refrain:
MEN WORKING.

Down! Down! Down!
Lower yet descending
Curse the dirge of dole
Which fattens up the body
But dulls and starves the soul
Praise the Cross and plow
Which self-respect endow,
MEN WORKING.

Sing! Sing! Sing!
Higher yet ascending
Song of sweet reward,
On well-earned rest attending,
Loving and begetting,
Growing, living, dying,
Ever rising, echoing
Are the words
MEN WORKING.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.
August 1, 1933. Florence Ralston Werum.*

INCENSE

Dull, slumbrous, creeping fire—
What means this fragrance
Which wafts its charmed spell
To the confines it reaches?
Holy incense, magical!
Sweet incense, burn low.

Circles and mystery lines
Of weird, grayish smoke,
Are you sending a prayer
From a heart of devotion?
Holy incense, magical!
Sweet incense, burn low.

Up from the chancel blest
Rises the perfume.
Souls aflame are seeking,
In silence, the Great Master.
Holy incense, magical!
Sweet incense, burn low.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Maude B. Dusenbury.
May 26, 1933.*

ALLEY STREETS

Dilapidated houses needing paint,—
And sagging steps go down to broken walks;
The barren yards cry out against restraint
That circles them. And grim want boldly stalks
The entire length of it. But work-worn hands
Have hung across a window bits of lace,
And on the sill a scarlet blossom stands . . .
For beauty lingers even in this place.

Here doubt, despair and fear forever lay
In wait, to shadow clear Madonna eyes;
But courage walks, undaunted, through each day.
And lips, at evening, sing old lullabies,
While in the silence of the night it seems
Hope mends the broken fabric of its dreams.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Virginia Eaton.
"A Verse for Today", March 21, 1933.*

CALVIN COOLIDGE

(In Memory)

And so in silence he has gone
Beyond the sunset and the dawn,
Into that silence deep and vast;
No word of parting as he passed.

Not reckoned great as measured here,
And yet beloved, somehow dear,
His very silence echoing
Within our hearts—a vibrant thing.

Into the silence now at last,
In silence still our friend has passed.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Robert Schreffler.*
January 7, 1933.

I DID NOT KNOW

I did not know, from whence she came;
I did not even know her name.
But this I knew, she needed bread,
And for it she was selling thread,
Needles, pins and such—How could I
Refuse the earnest plea to buy?

The vendor was a child and she
With deep brown eyes, looked timidly
While I searched through her basket neat.
I did not know, how tired those feet
Might be: But my heart broke with tears
That one of such young, tender years,
Should have to go with weary tread,
From door to door, to earn her bread.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Ethel Titus Worthen.*
"A Verse for Today", November 9, 1933.

TREES

I hear a softly whispering breeze
Among the close, familiar trees,
A friendly breeze that, passing by,
Brings bits of gossip from the sky.

These little trees all nod and sway,
"I told you so," they seem to say.
While undisturbed the big trees stand
Like ancient monarchs, plumed and grand.

But oh, I love them, great or small,
Just any tree, I love them all;
Though they be swayed by little things
Or stand like proud, victorious kings.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

February 24, 1933.

Harriet Mackey Turner.

IN A DESERTED CHURCH

In a deserted church and old,
In twilight's peaceful hour, we stood
Watching the last of sunset's gold
Light quaint old pews of painted wood,
Like hands that touch with reverence
Some very dear and sacred thing;
Within the room a faint incense
Of olden perfume seemed to cling.

Blue shadows crept along the aisles,
Like ghosts of those who one time trod
With reverent step and quiet smiles
To worship in this house of God.
Then Mary's fingers strayed along
The instrument's worn, yellow keys
And Buddy listened to her song;
I sat absorbed in reveries.

A youthful trio in a place
That once marked happy hours for those
Whose names and years my sight could trace
On stones that mark their last repose.

How strange is life! We live today,
Tomorrow find our final rest;
Like beams of light that fade away
When darkness dims the golden West!

As shadows lengthen into night,
Or Mary's fingers wander on—
We climb our years' allotted flight
In quest of that Eternal Dawn
That knows no death; just notes that sound
Across the atmosphere of earth;
Life, death and then a little mound
And stone that dates man's death and birth.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mildred Schanck.
"A Verse for Today", May 8, 1933.

LOVE LOST

I did not know love lost could leave
A heart as empty and alone!
It is as leafless trees that grieve
In winter's wind, or as a stone
Filled with the frost; a cold, hard pain!
As desolate as a barren room;
As cheerless as November's rain,
As uninviting as death's tomb!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mildred Schanck.
"A Verse for Today", September 18, 1933.

SOFT SUMMER NIGHT

Soft summer night, a gentle breeze
Sways the somber drowsy trees.
Suddenly the trees are still,
As if in awe. 'Tis nature's will.
The universe awaits the drone
Of a silver winged plane—alone—
As it swiftly glides, in sure attune,
Across the silent, gleaming moon.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
June, 1933. *Elenore Bitler Hunter.*

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE

She stood alone outside the tomb,
And watched the darkness fade away;
She did not know her eyes beheld
The glorious dawn of Easter-Day.
She had not heard the rolling stones.
How could she know that angel hands
Had opened up the sepulchre
And laid aside the linen bands?
As fading shadows mutely formed
A cross . . . at weeping Mary's feet,
She hugged the burden in her arms—
The oils and spices . . . precious, sweet.

Her longing, hungry, heart cried out
For one last look into the eyes
Of her dear Lord, whom she had loved
When all the world dared to despise;
But one more cutting, crushing pain
Must bare her soul to bleak despair, . . .
For when she gazed into the tomb
She found her Saviour was not there;
The lilies, dripping morning dew,
The wind that fanned her anxious brow,
Joined in the glorious Easter-song:
A risen Lord! "Why Weepest Thou?"

Then, Mary turned to follow paths
That led back to a world of pain—
When lo! Her heart leapt forth with joy,
She heard His gentle voice again.
He called her "Mary", as of old,
While "Master!" voiced her welcoming.
At once, the earth . . . the sea, the sky,
A song of Life began to sing:
From this glad hour . . . each Easter-Morn,
Through all the years that are to be,
Earth's fragrant flowers shall waft to man
Christ's message: "Peace Be Unto Thee."

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Theresa M. DeFosset.
"A Verse for Today", April 15, 1933.*



WHEN SORROW PASSES DOWN

Two hands are folded on a silent breast,
 Two weary eyes are closed from mortal sight;
 Pale lips are sealed to everything but . . . rest,
 He sleeps . . . but dawn shall always follow night.

Out of the tears upon his satin-shrine,
 His soul shall rise to spheres, sunlit and fair;
 He served too well to be less than divine. . . .
 And one so well beloved, is welcome . . . *There.*

Death is a thing we cannot understand;
 Why should we try to fathom God's design?
 When sorrow presses down, we take His hand,
 And whisper, "Lord, dear Lord, Thy will, not
 mine!"

We see our loved ones laid beneath the dust,
 Then go our way and live . . . *because we must.*

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Theresa M. DeFosset.
 "A Verse for Today", April 2, 1933.*

THE LADY WITH THE TROWEL

The Lady With the Trowel,
I shall always seem to see
As a chosen garden-angel
Of a paradise-to-be;
From a wondrous worth of beauty
Which she sows beneath the sod,
Reaps a fruitage of life's blessings—
As a heritage from God.

In a garden, there's a message
To all longing souls who toil
In the depth of, faith eternal—
All-enshrined within God's soil;
Thus, does Nature voice this message
Through a growth of brilliant hue,
To the Lady With the Trowel—
Hope and courage to renew.

Choicest blossoms shed their beauty,
Sweetest fragrance fills the air
In her garden-shrine of promise—
Paradise of colors rare;
Kneeling close to all creation,
Close to life and love and God—
Thus, the Lady With the Trowel
Delves beneath the velvet sod.

As she blends the buds and blossoms
Into beauty-harmonies,
Deep within her soul are rhythms
Of immortal symphonies;
Thus, envisioned in my mem'ry,
Always shall I see the face
Of the Lady With the Trowel
As—God's Masterpiece of Grace.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

"A Verse for Today".

Katharine Neal Smith.

LINES TO A GANGSTER

A fancied halo's on your craven brows,
Dreamed there by yourself and silly folk;
To call you "big shot", "bandit", must arouse
In saner minds the sense of a poor joke;
Such fighter's terms a hero may suggest,
But well we know no hero's in your breast;
Although your loot like to a mountain towered,
You are but dastard, villain, cur and coward.

Brave men, in quarrel, give others equal chance
With pistol, sword, or knife or bow or lance;
You prey in numbers, venture not alone,
But two or four or six or eight to one,
You creep upon defenseless men with arms;
You cut the warning wires that sound alarms;
You hold an idling motor at the door,
Ready for flight while your mad rifles roar;
Amid your murderous guns' wild noise and thunder,
You speed to den with all your load of plunder;
You make of harmless men and women shield,
While you flee past the town and woods and field;
Though you the streets with hundred bullets showered,
You are but robber, hoodlum, rat and coward.

You steal inventions that have proper use,
Pervert these good things to your foul abuse;
You can't invent, create; won't earn or make;
Your only rascal method is to take.
You have no brains; you have no feeling heart;
You have but cunning—that's the wild beast's part;
Although, by theft, you're with inventions powered,
You still are snake and ruffian, cut-throat, coward.

Some half-baked youngsters think it bold and bright
To tread your evil footsteps in the night,
Blind to steel doors that soon or late will clang
Behind yourself and them, and all your gang—
Forgetting that weeds will then have grown and
flowered
With bane for them and you, you reptile, coward.

Our country freely gave you home and school,
Raiment and food, law's care, and many a tool

And chance to make good name and honored way.
Scoundrel and ingrate, all this you now repay
By heinous crime, by murder, kidnap, theft,
Leaving behind the dead—despoiled, bereft.
Monster, we trust, and know, that soon or late
You'll be o'ertaken by the hand of fate,
And storms of wrath will then have darkly lowered
On you, you knave, you hell-hound, skulker, coward.

That ugly, hideous thing and word the "gang"
Rhymes well and smoothly with another—"hang";
And when the gallows-tree has gloomed and glowered,
You'll show yourself still what you are—a coward.

Your deeds have stung the nation wide-awake,
And vengeance on you man at last will take;
God may have mercy; man no longer will;
He'll hunt you down in city, mountain, hill;
A million men, well-armed, will find and kill;
And when the land is cleansed of such as you,
And law and peace have come where anarchs grew,
All honest men will be with honors dowered,
While you will rot, you demon—thug—you coward!

Calvin Dill Wilson.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

COLD

"I hate to beg, sir,"
Said an old, old man,
"But I'm tired 'n' hungry,
So weary, an' ——"

"Sorry, cap, I'm broke, too,"
Hastened I,
Escaping his eye
And its plea.
But I wasn't sorry.
I hated him
For making a liar
Of me.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Robert Heidler.

GYPSY JOE

When Gypsy Joe comes whistling,
A-whistling down the street,
I hear a feathered orchestra
Clear and piercing sweet—
Jewelled notes of mocking birds,
The plaint of mourning dove,
And orioles are trilling
Their lilting lays of love.

When Gypsy Joe is fiddling
For the dancers at the fair,
The garish crowds I do not see—
Another scene is there
Where fairy folks are dancing,
Tricked out in red and tan,
And frisky fauns cut capers
To the eerie pipes of Pan.

O Gypsy Joe, you'll never know
When you sing to wind and stars,
That my daffy heart is fluttering
Against its prison bars.

Elizabeth Williams.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

THE TRAVELING

I may not reach my goal, alas,
That ever dreamed-of goal—
The hills may be a bit too high;
But close beside my pathway lie
Intriguing things that gratify
A pleasure-loving soul.

I may not reach my goal—but, oh,
That is not everything!
For it has been a pleasant way,
And surely at the close of day,
With calm contentment I can say,
"I've loved the traveling."

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. B. Y. Williams.

ETCHINGS

My memories are beautiful,
Although they've left a stain
Upon the cover of my heart,
My memory's counterpane.

And though I know I can't erase,
Or make these dark stains light,
Some of life's rare and precious things
Are done in black and white.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Jessie Farnham.

UNREST

You, who have less than I, seem satisfied
To stand aside and let Life pass you by,
While I must seek and question endlessly.
I wonder why?

I want to know where every roadway goes,
I want to hear the songs that each bird sings,
I want to learn the message of the winds,
And guess the magic of a thousand springs.
I want to travel all the seven seas,
And spread wild wings against a midnight sky;
I dread the last adventure. It is far
Too soon to die.

You have no fear. Perhaps your way is best.
I would that I could cease this questioning,
And rest.

Louise Cain Gardner.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Star.

GRANTED

One red tulip on a rain-wet lawn,
A cardinal singing in a dripping tree,
Crimson glory through the gray at dawn . . .
You, across the years, sustaining me.

Annette Patton Cornell.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

SURPRISE

He promised to call me,
So I answered the phone,
"Good morning, my darling!"
In my very best tone.

But, it wasn't my darling,
My wonderful sweet;
'Twas a common old butcher,
Selling some meat!

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Gwen Westergaard.

THE THINGS OF YESTERDAY

Our yesterdays are gone, the work we wrought
Will help in building for another day;
The seed we sowed, the lessons that we taught
Will tend to cloud or brighten someone's way.
What part have I been playing here, and you,
A help or hindrance in the things we do?

We play a part in life, however small,
However insignificant it seems;
Our yesterdays are gone beyond recall;
But, from their shadows come our hopes, our dreams,
Our courage too, to face life with a smile,
And do something today that is worth while.

*The Cumberland (Md.) News. Sara Roberta Getty.
July 18, 1933.*

FOR LOVE OF A WOMAN

A woman's love is a beacon light
Flaming fiercely and terribly bright,
Yes, love is a fire.
For a trusting heart a man will fight,
Counting his wounds a great delight
And never tire.
And though fogs turn high noon to night,
A true man battles with all his might
For his desire.

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Harry Elmore Hurd.
Oak Cliff Edition, March 1, 1933.*

SENTIMENTALIST

If I should ever keep a shop,
To earn my daily bread,
Rare books or flowers I'd purvey,
I've very often said.

But I shall never do it now,
Because I am afraid
I could not bear to sell a book,
Or watch a flower fade!

Alice Boorman Williamson.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal.

Oak Cliff Edition, May 16, 1933.

THE HIGHEST

A life can be no greater
Than its greatest thought,
Nor its efforts any nobler
Than when its truths are sought.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal.
Oak Cliff Edition.

Gaston Burr ridge.

ON REMEMBERING

I must cling to laughter,
The chatter of friends . . .
The tinkle of tea things
And muted tones of silver clinked together.
I must remember quips and jests
And nonsensical things,
And, remembering, forget all
That has wrecked my heart
And made my life a wondering age;
For if I should stop
And think,
My mind would go mad
And my heart would be
Lost.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal.
Oak Cliff Edition.

Lexie Jean Lowman.



Drawing by Tobe Bateman.

BALLAD OF DEAD MAN'S CREEK

(In the 1880s the Lipan contested the settlement of Western Texas by the white man. There was a fight between whites and Indians on a creek near old Fort Phantom Hill, which now is known as Dead Man's Creek.)

O Dead Man's Creek is lazy,
 It walks on muddy feet
 Across the Texas prairie
 And through the canyon deep.
 Mesquites in brooding silence
 Beside its steep banks stand,
 While cacti in the moonlight
 Are guards with pointing hand.
 There sleeps, so goes the legend,
 In Boot-hill's nameless graves,
 Bold Texans of the eighties
 Who met the Lipan braves.
 And now when somber shadows
 Across the wasteland creep,
 Those fighters of the eighties
 Grow weary of their sleep.
 They leave their graves at midnight—
 Their graves on Dead Man's Creek—
 And ride across the prairie,
 The Lipan braves they seek!
 Again the valiant fighters,
 Grim ghosts of yesterday,
 Engage in bloody battle,
 Then quickly ride away.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. William Allen Ward.
 "Oak Cliff Edition", August 5, 1933.

THE MOON

I never knew the yellow moon
 Could rest upon a tree
Until, last night, I saw it
 There a-looking down at me.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Clara A. Clausen.
Oak Cliff Edition, April 15, 1933.

SYMBOL

Last month I dreamed I had a cat,
 A pet, a great delight,
One day his coat was orange red,
 And one day it was white.

And when his fur was yellow flame,
 He watched beside the stair,
And when it shone a silver-white,
 He slept upon a chair.

And people came from far-off towns,
 To see so rare a sight,
A cat one day as red as gold,
 And one day lily-white.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Berta Hart Nance.
Oak Cliff Edition, March 4, 1933.

ANCESTOR

The little boats of fishermen
 Hug close the mainland's shore—
The little lives of fishermen
 Of far seas know no more.

Yet theirs the breed of Jason's crew
 Who sailed so far from home
And theirs the blood of men who plied
 The oars for mighty Rome.

The liner and the man o' war
 Look down on boats so small—
The fishermen, the admirals
 Can hardly see at all.

Yet earth's first daring fisherfolk
To admirals gave their place
And the tiny saucy fishing boat
Is the mother of a race.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *William B. Ruggles.*

BEAUTY SHARED

When I came home again today,
I found beside my door
A score of gay nasturtiums
That were not there before.

Then I discovered by the walk
Verbenas in a row,
With scarlet blooms that gave my place
A fascinating glow;

And, marvelous and magical,
Across my drab, bare fence,
The morning glories climbed and bloomed
In blue magnificence.

For knowing I was absent when
Young flowers should be growing,
My beauty-loving neighbor shared
With me her season's sowing.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *Nancy Richey Ranson.*

THE PAINTER WHO DREW THE SUNSET

The painter who drew the sunset
And sketched the man in the moon
Is the artist who painted the autumn leaves
And the thunderclouds in June!

The painter who drew the sunset
And the cockatoo's sulphur crest
Is the master hand who drew the sky
And the robin's flaming breast.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *William Allen Ward.*
November 24, 1933.

CYNOSURE

To crystallize and keep a memory
I brought home pictures from my summer trip,
And one there was that showed a littered strip
Of wave-set beach receding lustrously
To a diminished reach of tossing sea;
There, limned against the breakers' rise and dip,
Clutched in the gulf wind's unrelenting grip,
My host's great golden collie stood with me.

I showed the little picture to my friends,
Who paid no heed to beached and barnacled log,
Or the faint distance where the sky line bends,
Or my own face caught, smiling gravely there,
Framed in a tumbled maze of windy hair—
No, one and all cried, "What a darling dog!"

The Dallas (Texas) Journal.

Marie Grimes.

MAIN STREET

Half the world we wandered
From our village home;
Saint Chapelle in Paris . . .
The Vatican at Rome . . .

Splendid lacelike beauty
Of the church at Chartres . . .
Rheims' ragged, tattered splendor . . .
But the things which clutched my heart

Were simple little homey things
No guidebook ever knew:
Moonlight on the Isar,
A boat ride to St. Cloud;

A bent-backed peasant woman
Against a field of wheat
Hoeing in the sunlight
With her baby at her feet;

The yellow rosebud on the cross
Beside Starnberger See;

The buttered toast we had one day
Along the Zuyder Zee.

So I have come back home again
And caused a great hubbub;
I've uttered painful heresies
Which shocked the Browning Club

Because I best remember
How, when the days were fine,
The windows bulged with featherbeds
In houses on the Rhine!

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Jan I. Fortune.
"Life is Like That", April 18, 1933.

THE SECRET

I have walked so quietly
Down Life's way,
Doing Life's obscurest tasks
Soberly each day;

All my steps such measured ones,
Prim and slow,
As I am told a woman's steps
Ought to go;

People bring me lavender,
Rue and garden sage,
To match my personality
And my age!

I place their pallid offerings
On a shelf,
And gather gaudy tulips
For myself.

How could I ever tell them—
The secret impart—
That I've a scarlet poppy
Sort of heart!

Florence Hartman Townsend.
The Dallas (Texas) Journal.
"Life is Like That", November 11, 1933.

ULTIMATE DESIGN

Over and over again,
Hours and days and years
Bring to the sons of men
Less of laughter than tears,
Less of quiet than fears—
Over and over again . . .

Ceaseless the shuttle of life
Weaves through the livelong day
Warp and weft of strife,
Colors both dull and gay;
Sharp is the blade of the knife
Clipping the surplus away.

After the weaving is done
And the loom of life is still,
With threads all cut, and the sun
Darkly set . . . codicil
Completes superbly-done
Work of a Master's will . . .

Over and over again
Aeons unmarked by years
Bring to the sons of men
Rapture untouched by tears
Life secure from all fears
With never a doubt again.

The Dallas (Texas) News. Harriet Olds Henderson.
"From Contemporary American Poets", Oct. 15, 1933.

THE COUNTRY STATION

I can see the country station,
Like a friend I left behind,
Scene of heartache and elation,
Rife with memories that bind.

Friendly groups are gathered staring
On its platform when the train
With its shrieking cry goes tearing
Past the fields of gleaming grain.

Seems as if it sort of thrills them
Just to see it racing by,
And the breath of Nature stills them
As they look about and sigh.

Soon a train will be there stopping
While a joyful eager one
With his traps and bags goes hopping
From its steps . . . a native son!

The Delaware Ledger.

Fan C. Smith.

"Palimpsest", September 29, 1933.

TRITE INTERVAL

She lay covered with rags on knotty boards
And a sack had been placed beneath her head.
No one attended her—no men, no bards—
So near to death, half starved and underfed.

Her whole life had been passed in bitter want,
A tiresome daily struggle for her bread;
She never tasted joy, nor came, nor went,
And there she lay—in rags—on her death-bed.

One would have thought surely she would be glad,
Rejoice at death, deliverance, her rest;
Yet as the slinking evening shadows glide,
So her decrepit body, life obsessed,
Held out until the last of her had gone.
She crossed herself and, as she did, whispered:
"Lord, forgive my sins."

Like a firing gun,
The last small spark of consciousness vespersed
The look of dread and fear within her eyes—
A fear and horror of the end, unknown!
Her link with earth left her frail form with ease
As Gabriel's trumpet was loudly blown.

The Delaware Ledger.

Percy Roberts.

FORGOTTEN SYMBOLS

Symbols no man can read
Carved in the canon stone—
Once they were history;
Now they are mystery,
Part of the Great Unknown.

What were these ancient signs
Fashioned so carefully?
Records of some great deed?
Counsel in time of need
Left for posterity?

This much, we still may read:
"Let us speak truth today
While yet our thoughts are known.
Words merely carved in stone
Crumble and fade away."

The Denver (Colo.) Post.
August 13, 1933.

Gene Lindberg.

LATE CALLER

One night sorrow came along
And rapped upon her door,
As she was smugly saying:
"I couldn't ask for more . . ."

"I've a fine new car," she'd said,
"And diamonds for my throat;
I can't feel the wintry blasts
Within my sable coat."

But just as she was saying
She couldn't ask for more
Sorrow came along that night
And rapped upon her door . . .

The Des Moines (Iowa) Register. Lou Mallory Luke.
"Over the Coffee", February 26, 1933.

ADAM

By the old pond's waveless rim,
Steaming, slimy, rank with weeds,
Where the snail floats, slow and dim,
And the dull clam sleeps and feeds,
What is this that near my hand
Ventures forth upon the land?

Comes the Newt from that soft bed
On his belly. But the sands
See him rear inquiring head,
Vaguely move his slender hands—
Hunting, questioning the shore
Like a babe upon the floor.

Now I fly a billion years
Backward in the reach of time
When the best and highest rears
Hopefully from out the slime:
Pond and Newt are all the same,
Though an eye now views their game.

Soft! How lurks he and looks wise,
Creeping, sliding, slimy thing!
What a shrewdness in his eyes
At this dry-land conquering!
Lo! He wills it, and he can!
Greeting, first and greatest Man!

The Detroit (Mich.) News.
"Random Shots".

Elmer C. Adams.

LOCUST GOLD

The locust tree is squandering her gold,
And yet in mid-July she should not be
So prodigal of riches, but should hold
Her little hoard and spend it frugally.

And yet to every flippant breeze she flings
Another pocketful, and laughs and plays,
Nor recks that every passing moment brings
Her close to poverty, and leafless days.

The Detroit (Mich.) News.
August 25, 1933.

Clara Edmunds-Hemingway.

ENIGMA

I looked at birth.
Birth looked at me,
And we both knew
—Futility.

I smiled at life.
Life smiled at me.
For we both saw
—Absurdity.

I stared at death.
Death stared at me.
Inscrutable
—Eternity.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Muriel Jeffries Hurd.*
“Random Shots”.

WHERE LOVE WALKS

Give me the hills for a day of roaming,
With an untrodden lane at the start;
Give me a dell for rest at gloaming—
And give me a joyful heart!

Give me the moonlight's radiant streaming
To light my way by the sea;
Give me thoughts which set me dreaming—
And love to walk with me!

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Laura Boyd Shallenberger.*

FAITH

I walked with Fear, unseeingly,
Along a country road,
With downcast eyes and shoulders bent
Beneath my weighty load.
I could not see the azure sky
Nor smell the sun-drenched grass,
So steeped my soul in tragedy—
Which never came to pass.

I strolled with Faith, beside the sea,
And watched the thrilling way
Great rollers break upon the rocks
And splinter into spray;
Just so life's troubles dissipate
As breakers in the sea,
If man but walks with confidence—
With Faith for company.

*The Detroit (Mich.) News. Dorothy Howells Walker.
"Random Shots", July 4, 1933.*

TO BE READ AT MIDNIGHT

The moon that looked on Heloise looks down
And pours a drift softer than thistle flowers
Across the cottage roofs. The dreaming town
Has long forgot the golden sunlit hours.
This is a night when years like alien feet
Retrace their steps to try the door and pane;
When restless ghosts rise up and in their sweet
Illegal trysts find love may live again.
Though grave nuns sleep and friars no longer lift
Their troubled eyes to watch the passing moon;
But for ourselves there'll be no silver drift
To light the dark, nor will you, late or soon,
Who are so sure, so worldly wise and proud,
Believe there can be romance in a shroud.

*The Detroit (Mich.) News. Cecilia Maloney.
"Random Shots", April 3, 1933.*

THUNDER STORM

Like silver shrapnel
Following a burst of thunder,
A lightning flash
From a smoky shell of cloud,
The rain scatters over the parched field.
It is cool and invigorating
As the nectar of Ganymede,
Carried to high Olympus
To be the cup bearer of the gods.

*The Detroit (Mich.) News. Clarence Milligan.
"Random Shots", August, 1933.*

VACANT

There is nothing here but the wind in the trees—
A challenge toward the north;
And the odor of musk, and the lap of the lake,
And a chair that rocks back and forth,
And back . . . and forth . . .

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Helen Janet Miller.*
"Random Shots", September 8, 1933.

CONTENTMENT

She toted and carried all her life,
A poor man's daughter, a poor man's wife;
Her earthly possessions were bites and sups,
A passel of young'uns, an' a litter o' pups.
Knowing naught else and well content,
She adored the place where her life was spent.

The Enid (Okla.) Events. *Alice Sutton McGeorge.*
December 7, 1933.

ROSE PETALS

Rose petals, lightly dropping, one by one,
Are as a splash of crimson
In the sun—
Wrung from some anguished dripping heart,
Of which each petal is itself a part.

Crushed and withered, fluttering they fall,
Stirring our pulse with memories,
One and all—
While clinging round them is a haze,
The perfume of our yesterdays;

That comes lightly-wafted through our tears,
Breathing defiance to time
And flight of years—
Those unforgotten, happy, golden hours,
Of sounds, and silence,
And the scent of flowers.

The Farina (Ill.) News.
September 28, 1933.

E. Lisette Herrling.

ON THE HIGHWAY

You caterpillars out today
Are dressed in quite a modish way;
The coats of brown that you are wearing
Are striped with henna, gay and daring.
O comrades on the public road,
Who with the squirrel, hare, and toad,
In all their finery arrayed,
Participate in this parade—
Of autumn raiment be not proud;
Too soon it may become a shroud!
We share the road with car and bus,
(No narrow path is left for us)
And motorists care not at all
For those who walk or hop or crawl.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.
"Flue Dust", October 25, 1933.

Emma Johnston.

CONCERN

I could sleep
Could I forget
The muttering
The deep regret
The suffering
Of all I met
This day;
Were they
But glad
As sad
Then I could sleep.

I could sleep
Had I but seen
No worrying
And paths serene;
But scurrying
Had cut them keen.
Dire day!
Your prey
Release!
For peace
Would proffer sleep.

The Harbor Springs (Mich.) Graphic.
May 5, 1933.

Charles A. Heath.

OFF AND ON THE GOLD STANDARD

When Winter, old and gray, remarked to Spring,
"I see that Earth has given gold the sack,"
The youngster laughed and said, "She knows I'll bring
Her old, but ever-new, Forsythia back."

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. Emma Johnston.
"Flue Dust", November 23, 1933.

BROKEN SHOES

As I sat down by the fireside
To rest and be at ease,
A dear little chubby laddie
Climbed up between my knees.
His baby face was troubled,
And pleadingly he spoke,
"Please buy me some new bootees,
For my old ones is boke."
One fat little toe protruded
From a hole in his well-worn shoe,
So Dad to the small boy promised
To see what he could do.
Then confidently he whispered,
With a glad smile on his face,
"My mamma fixed my trousers;
Bet you can't guess the place.
"My mamma sewed some patches
Right where I sit me down,"
And a smile like a springtime shower
Took the place of the troubled frown.
As I list' to the childish prattle
From the lips of the tiny man,
I think of life's coming battle,
My job, as a daddy scan.
And looking into the future
Many pitfalls there I view,
So a silent prayer I offer
For my boy with his old "boke" shoe.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. John Allison Haining.
"Flue Dust".

DREAMS SUPERLATIVE

I drift and dream with the tides of men;
I live in dreams—in the thoughts I pen,
Where I cannot be robbed. I am happy when
They have seen the light, that along the way
They are scanned by those who have come to stay
And build their dreams of gold—and dance
To the piper's tune—his futile prance.
A dreamer—that I have always been;
I live in dreams—in the thoughts I pen—
Where I cannot be robbed—not by time or men.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. *Magda Brandon.*
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust".

TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

We're off, we're off, to see the world,
A streak in the daylight chasing,
Night has gone and a speeding car
Slipping the dawn goes racing.
A tawny sun comes nosing up
Leaping us high in air,
Sniffing the trail we follow on—
Tomorrow we'll see the Fair.

The earth is turning beneath the sun,
Where the traffic signs go stalking.
The telephone poles run quickly by,
And the lazy trees come walking.
The sun is high as on we go
Sailing without a care,
Over the hills and far away—
Tomorrow we'll see the Fair.

The road hugs down across the plain
A ribbon of black equator,
And still we ride—or do we roll?
The road is an escalator.
Or is it a road and do we ride?
Surely we're treading air,
Everything comes and comes and comes—
Tomorrow we'll see the Fair.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. *Blanche Elliott.*
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust", September 11, 1933.

HENRY VAN DYKE

He was the other wise man in his ways;
He grew the pale blue flower in his heart;
In every passage gleamed the tender phrase,
The word that wrote itself upon the heart.
His was a gospel for the age of doubt,
Nor did he value money overmuch;
When bombs and shrapnel shattered all about,
The man behind the book had human touch.
A benediction all his eighty years;
A beacon light for peoples yet to be;
A lighthouse on the coast of doubts and fears;
A lifeguard on the shore of every sea—
How surely listed with the sages, seers
Who broke old shackles, set men's spirits free!

Margarette Ball Dickson.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.

"Tom Cannon's *Flue Dust*", June 7, 1933.

NEIGHBORHOOD AUNT

She is always waiting
The Spring that never came
And all the quiet music
Of never-spoken name.

Flocks of neighbors' children
Cluster through her door
And leave with eyes grown brighter
Than they were before.

She wears a wreath of kindness
And always stays the same
Although her heart is waiting
The Spring that never came.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.
"Flue Dust".

Lucia Trent.

BALANCE

Your hands are deft and beautiful,
They weave the multi-colored wool
To intricate design;
And mine
Are short, unlovely graceless things
Yet, they can draft a thought on wings
By pencilled scroll;
Put life and soul
On empty page.
I cannot gauge
The music or the charm of word—
It may be changed, unsung, unheard,
But it is mine—
No curve or line
To follow in a set motif
Of Grecian key or veined leaf
As you must always do;
But, new
Transmutable, my words run fleet.
With ugly hands, I too have my conceit.
Marguerite Bruyn Laughlin.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.
"The Poet's Corner", April 4, 1933.

HERONS IN THE NIGHT

When spring enfolds a softer sky,
And twilights glow with warmer light,
Through starry stillness comes a cry
Of herons, homing through the night.

Inscrutably, as strong winds pass,
Still waters dream a dream of breasts
That lightly move as shade on glass,
When first they leave the natal nests.

The voices of returning spring
Like carillons on some far height
Chime softly, then on eager wings
The herons trumpet through the night.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Maud E. Uschold.*
"The Poet's Corner", June 13, 1933.

DIALOGUE OF WIND AND RAIN

The broken, swirling clouds are low.
Repeatedly the windgusts blow
Their darkening volume past,
Like troops of horsemen galloping fast
Across a stretch of plain.

On metal roofs the wind-blown rain
Is swept in long, gray streaks.
With steady monotone it speaks,
Staccato-wise, in click and drip
Rebuff to every eager quip
The boisterous wind has roughly made.

But now and then become less staid,
Impetuously it whirls its skirts
At one too violent gust that flirts
In a way beyond decorum's laws.
It turns virago, then its jaws
Hiss swift abuse while scurrying feet
Escape in sudden, wild retreat.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Mary Owen Lewis.*
"The Poet's Corner", March 28, 1933.

JIM STODDARD WRITES HIS MA

Tom Holmes was headin' home one day
By way of Pittsford road,
When young Jim Stoddard called ter him
Ter stop an' rest his load.

He said, "I got a letter here
I'd like ter send ter ma,
An' tho't you might mail it in town
When you are passin' thar."

So Tom he took the letter an'
He tucked it snug away,
An' sed, "Now don'tcha worry, friend,
I'll post it off ter day."

But Tom you know's an odd old sort
He's not like you er me;
His tho'ts are always drifting off
From whar they orta be.

So when he dressed himself next morn
Thar dropped out on the floor
The letter he had promised Jim
He'd mail the day before.

He called ter Pete, the hired man,
An' handed it ter him,
An' had him take it down the road
Ter leave with Marty Sim.

Well Marty was layed up that day
An' want agoin' ter town,
But sed he'd run across someone
Who would be goin' down.

So Marty pass't it on, they say,
Ter Chamblin's oldest boy
Who carried it a day or so
Then gave it ter Bill Moye.

Then Bill gave it ter "Old Frank" Rand
Who pass't it on ter me.
'Twas then, I sed, I'd have it mailed,
"Now just yer wait an' see."

But weather was agin' me an'
It sorta tied me up,
So when the butcher came next day
I pass't it on ter Gupp.

Fred sed he'd mail it off that night
When he got back ter town,
But Fred must be fergetful too—
That letter's still aroun',

'Cause Holmes jest the other day
Met up with Elwin Gale
Who sed he had a letter that
He'd like ter have Tom mail.

Tom sez it nearly knocked him down
When it was handed him;
It was the self-same letter that
Was given him by Jim.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Rollin Dobbins.
"The Poet's Corner", September 12, 1933.

WHITHER

The tragedy of life to-day
Is that we have obscured the way,
With wealth and pomp and empty show,
Till one knows scarcely how to go.

For living's not in things we get,
But in the virtues we forget:
Love, joy and peace and happiness,
These but the humble still possess.

While He, Who taught us to be wise;
To lift our heads, to lift our eyes,
Still calls to all, and will for aye:
"Come unto me, I am the Way."

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

"The Poet's Corner", March 21, 1933.

F. J. Earl.

NATURAL

When old McCarron's children
Up and left the family roof
One after another
There were a lot of folks
Who felt that this
Was only natural.
And too, there were those
Who spoke their thoughts
And said that this was shameful
Even though
Perhaps to be expected.
But old man Jones
Who talks so little ever
When he had said his little
It seemed
There wasn't any more to say,
That after all it really was
So very like
The running of water
Down a hill.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

"The Poet's Corner".

Irl Morse.

ST. MIHIEL

Row after row, the crosses stand,
Writing in shadows upon the land.
Row after row each darkening shade
Keeping the death-toll that war has made.
No sadder words could the soldiers write
Than their crosses make in the clear sunlight—
"We are the dead who have died in vain,
If youth is sentenced to war again."
Row after row the crosses stand,
Writing in shadows upon the land;
Writing the words where man may read,
"We are the ashes of your greed."

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Martha Linsley Spencer.
November 11, 1933.*

LAUGHING BOY

There's nothing like a laughing boy
To blow your cares away.
There's nothing like a little chap
To make a sunny day.

You are weary and down-hearted,
Life's but an empty place,
Till a happy youngster meets you
Roguish laughter on his face.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Phebe J. Kellogg.
"The Poet's Corner", January 17, 1933.*

EARL DERR BIGGERS

1884-1933

The tall black camel kneels again
Receiving human freight;
The house without a key is dark,
For sorrow's at the gate.

A Chinese parrot in the palms
Bends low his head and sings
An elegy as Charlie Chan
Goes to the Yellow Springs.

*The Honolulu (T. H.) Star-Bulletin. Clifford Gessler.
"Down to Cases", April 6, 1933.*

TONIGHT

Tonight, I cannot say adieu, my dear;
The sweetness of your kiss has sealed my lips,
And I am voiceless in my happiness.

I only linger by your door
And hold your soft, white hand,
And when I look into your eyes,
I find them wet with tears.

I cannot say adieu, my dear;
The sweetness of your kiss has sealed my lips,
And I am voiceless in my happiness.

The Honolulu (T. H.) Star-Bulletin. *Jesse Crane.*
"Our Own Poets", May 27, 1933.

WHAT AWAITS US

Through the gates of pearl we enter,
There the city we behold;
Where the walls are all of jasper
And the streets are paved with gold.

Where the tree of life is blooming
And the river flows between,
Light of life and Life Eternal
Jesus then, our King is seen.

Will He say "Well done," in welcome,
As we look up in His face?
Then, indeed, it will be blessed
To have run this earthly race.

Will He place the crowns upon us
As reward for deeds well done?
Will we then sit down beside Him,
Share His glory and His throne?

Long the years we've spent in waiting.
Now they're ended. Jesus comes!
Comes to take His waiting loved ones
To their blessed Eternal home.

Oh, the rapture! Joy unending!
Jesus, Savior, King and Friend,

Prophet, Priest and our Defender,
Never more to part again.

Charlotte Augusta Bassford.

The Honolulu (T. H.) Star-Bulletin.

"Our Own Poets", October 14, 1933.

FANTASY IN SUN AND SHADOW

Quiet, and sun, and tropic palms,
Sand and sea and sky—
And far away—a line of smoke
Where the giant steamers ply.
Breakers surging upon the reef,
Waves purling up the beach,
Soft clouds against the mountain tops
And dreams beyond my reach.
I lift my arms to kiss the heights
And the sun is gone from the sky;
The clouds turn to dirt beneath my feet,
And all life is a lie.
Disappointment sears my soul,
The world is a giant—an ant am I
That the world has crushed and left at last
To bleed in the dirt and die.

Mary Helene Stanford.

The Honolulu (T. H.) Star-Bulletin.

"Our Own Poets", April 6, 1933.

AT THE COMMENCING OF THE RAIN

I had wanted sunshine, today . . .
But rain begins—
It falls, down in the wood,
With an even singing whisper;
It drops on my hat,
Each globule at small intervals
With dull thuds.
I hear the rapid, muffled *tat-tat-tat-tat-tat*,
Of a woodpecker's bill on a limb, nearby.
I hear the cawing of a crow, afar,
Somewhere out in the greening fields. . . .

The Honolulu Star-Bulletin. William Sheppard Sparks.

"Our Poets", January 7, 1933.

MY SOLDIER BOY

When night comes on and morning breaks, they rise,
Those earnest prayers by faithful lips oft said,
And pierce the blue which shrouds the inner skies—
“God guard my boy; God grant he is not dead!”
“My soldier boy—where is he camped tonight?”
“God guard him waking, sleeping or in fight!”

Far, far away where tropic suns cast down
Their scorching rays, where sultry damp airs rise
And haunting breath of sickness holds its own,
A soldier boy, sore wounded, suffering lies,
“Mother! Mother!” is his ceaseless cry.
“Come, mother, come, and see me ere I die!”

Where is war's glory? Ask the trumpet's blare.
The marching columns run to bitter strife;
Ask of the raw recruit who knows as yet
Naught of its honors, naught of its loss of life;
Ask not the mother; weeping for her son—
She knows the heartaches following victories won.

The Honolulu (T. H.) Star-Bulletin.

May 29, 1933.

Harry L. Burgess.

ORCHARD REMNANT

There is but one lone apple tree now left
Of all the throng where once an orchard grew,
And often it looks saddened and bereft,
Though bungalows stand near it trim and new.

In winter time its hollow trunk has been
Home for a sprightly squirrel; many a bird
Has wooed among its boughs, the robin, wren—
What sounds of joy this ancient tree has heard!

And yet it never wears a happy mood,
But rather seems like one with troubled mind;
Even an aged tree might grieve and brood,
Knowing itself the last of all its kind.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star.

Margaret E. Bruner.

August 13, 1933.

PERSEPHONE WALKS IN MY GARDEN

Persephone walks in my garden
Her gown has left blossoms behind,
And if you look under the lilacs
Some bright yellow crocus you'll find.

Her gown has brought green to the borders,
Has rustled to growth every tree.
Hark, over the meadows she's calling—
Every meadow lark knows it is she.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star. Edith Lombard Squires.

AT DUSK

I could have come to you
Upon any other day,
And found a quiet hour
In which to rest and say
The words of love that grill
My heart when I'm away.
I chose this time of all,
When dusk was turning grey,
That your red warmth might fuse
An added hour to the day.

*The Inter-State American. Mary Elizabeth Van Doren.
"Poet's Corner", October 19, 1933.*

HELPING

Do you always think of helping when
The other fellow's down
Or do you always meet him with a
Dark and scornful frown?
Do you always have a greeting that
Is made to fit the time
Or is your little meeting filled
With smiles and thoughts sublime?

You know it helps a fellow when you
Try to make him glad
Most times he's thinking of the
Chance he's never had

So bolster up their spirits and
Extend a helping hand
You can be a moral blessing if you only
Think you can.

The Inter-State American.
October 26, 1933.

Franklin J. Ritchie.

HOPE

Though desolate the moors and rills,
Though weary be the way;
Behold, there steals from yonder hills
A soft and tender ray.

And though the skies be decked with lead,
And flames burst forth and flare;
The light that shines above our head
Will pierce the clouds of care.

And though the storm may fret and rage,
Its every hiss an ache;
Its fury spent, then love as wage
At early dawn shall break.

Though yesterhour and yesteryear,
And ages evermore,
Still bear a grief, still hold a tear—
There's hope for us in store!

The Jewish Chronicle.
March, 1933.

Dr. Noah E. Aronstam.

CEDARS OF LEBANON

Nourished by the earth, with God ever nigh,
Moulded in His heart and fashioned by His hand,
Its feet on the ground and its head in the sky,
The Cedar came forth at His beck and command.

With its arms outstretched and a prayer on its lips,
Free from contention, sorrow and strife,
With a look far away to love-laden ships,
The great Cedar stands, a symbol of life.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Henry Polk Lowenstein.
November 19, 1933.

I HAVE SEEN BEAUTY

I have seen beauty in the deathless green
Of cedars, and in autumn's crimson sheen;
But never quite so soulful or so fair,
As when I find her by an alley stair,
Where children call; and patient women hum
A dreary day away when night has come.

I have seen magic in a young man's eyes
Who dwelt in tenements yet shared the skies;
Have held my breath while once a noon sun flung
Its brush of saffron on a clothesline hung
Between dark windows; and I marveled when
The stars spilled silver on its cloth again.

I have seen beauty in a plain, clean room—
An upper room where all love's flowers bloom
For two old hearts; and where more light has shone
Than churns in moonlit seas, white and alone.
And once down in a far, back road I found
The Christ where Magdalene wept on the ground.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Philip Jerome Cleveland.
February 8, 1933.*

VAN DYKE

His music like a crystal river rolls
From hidden springs of purity; and flows
In harmonies that soothe our anxious souls;
And turns to naught each evil wind that blows.
He wooed for fragrance from the sun-kissed flowers
And spread its sweetness far in living words.
He caught the melody of silent hours,
And learned immortal songs from warbling birds;
He heard the morning stars in glory sing
And wrote their symphonies in dulcet tones;
So now their melodies will clearly ring
To gladden breaking hearts in all the zones.
They tell me he is dead. It is not so!
He lives in jeweled thoughts with deathless glow.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. William James Robinson.
May 16, 1933.*

ON BOYS NAMED WOODROW

There may be some meaning in the prevalence of girls
named Betty.

Perhaps I have overlooked the date of some great
woman,

Some Betty Jo, or Betty Jean, or Betty Lou,
Some Betty d'Arc, perhaps, of whom I ought to know.
But I know about the boys named Woodrow.
College classes this year are sprinkled with Woodrows,
And there will be more before there are fewer.

I remember when these boys were born;

I remember woman suffrage;

I remember "He kept us out of war";

I remember men who enlisted while they were drunk,
And others who married hastily for a claim to exemp-
tion,

And others who said proudly that their families had
been in every war,

Every war the country had had.

There were big men in those days.

Some little men wore big shoes.

And all of us were going to make the world better.

The boys named Woodrow are coming to college now.

Some other boys who would have been the same age are
not in the same classes.

The men who would have been their fathers

Kissed the women who would have been their mothers,

And went to France.

The boys will not be born.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

Elijah L. Jacobs.

June 20, 1933.

THE FLIRT

Autumn wove a Paisley shawl

And flung it 'round her shoulder.

The days are growing shorter now,

And the wind is getting colder.

The azure sky smiled down on her

And whispered in her ear:

"Those colors are becoming;

You are very charming, dear."

Then Autumn looked up at the sky
And tossed her golden head,
But when he bent and kissed her
She blushed a vivid red.

"Oh! sir, you're such a flatterer,
I can't believe a thing.
Why, only a few months ago
You were making love to Spring."

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Helen E. Maynard.*
October 4, 1933.

TOYTOWN SLEEPS

Toytown sleeps in cupboard and tray;
No one troubles the place today.
All by herself, the blond doll stares
At empty tables or lonely chairs.
The train is silent, the cart is still,
No water flows beneath the mill.
The hunt is up, but no one looks.
Lions and tigers and shepherd's crooks,
Tumbled together, are peaceful now;
Nobody milks the mechanical cow.
The cat is quiet; the woolly dog
SnORES in his kennel. A spotted frog
Blinks in his pond, forlorn today
Because no little folk come his way.
The baby dolls cuddle, half asleep,
But no one tries to rumple the heap.
The doll house stands as it stood before,
But no small fingers rattle the door.
Gone are the green and the tinsel streamers;
Toytown harbors only dreamers.
Spring and summer away they'll sleep;
Autumn cannot disturb the deep
Repose that envelops each one here—
But wait till the jingle of bells is near!
Sleep dims their eyes till time to remember
Christmas and Santa Claus next December.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Helen Rhoda Hoopes.*
"Starbeams", January 3, 1933.

VILLANELLE TO PICKERS

Pickers, Dopesters, don't hold them to their sin!
We ought to know by now they're not to blame.
Man wants someone to tell him who will win!

Out on the field when time is running thin
And Lady Luck is overthrowing Fame,
Pickers, Dopesters, don't hold them to their sin!

When sure-shots miss, and long-shots gallop in,
We learn that picking them is not so tame.
Man wants someone to tell him who will win!

What if they claim, above the howling din,
Who fixed the bout, and reasons for the "frame!"
Pickers, Dopesters, don't hold them to their sin!

All champs can slip. There is no blow-proof chin.
Officials err. And grit counts more than name.
Man wants someone to tell him who will win!

What matters that it gets beneath the skin
To hear them boast the score before the game!
Pickers, Dopesters, don't hold them to their sin!
Man wants someone to tell him who will win!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Lowe W. Wren.*
May 27, 1933.

OLD PLANTATION HOUSE

A house of silences, of sagging, open doors,
Where many winds go wandering at night,
Seeking in pulsing emptiness to find
A tiny spark of long extinguished light.

But only haunting loneliness lives there,
Forever drifting like a far, faint mist,
From quiet room, to quiet room.
Its clinging fingers grasp me and insist,

Drawing me with a strong, yet silent urge
To roam this mournful house at will;

The sense of some still very vibrant being
Who once made welcome by the great door sill

To every stranger, fills my eyes, my mind.
Music and laughter, lights and dancing feet,
Be-ruffled shirts, rich dresses, powdered wigs,
Perfume of many flowers. The picture is complete.

O wind and loneliness, why is it that today
Only your voices echo through the wide, dim hall,
And is it YOU who make that trembling cry,
Or some sweet woman soul that asks re-call?

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Ellen M. Carroll.
January, 1933.*

BROKEN DROUGHT

There is no permanence
To harsh, unlovely things;
They will pass,
Into oblivion . . .
Into the crucible
Where elements dissolve
And fragments take new life again.

The desert
Of a hungry heart
Rejoices in eternal springs
That flow from unseen . . .
Unknown forces—
Through arid wastelands
Of the soul.

At dawn,
A torrid earth is cloaked
In dove-gray rain . . .
There is no permanence
To harsh, unlovely things.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Gene Boardman Hoover,
July 4, 1933.*

MUSICIANS

He came to my window this morning,
 Wrapped in his little red coat.
"It's the end of the winter," he carolled to me;
 "I am ready to sing you a note!

"You play your piano grotesquely,
 Shut in your house so fine;
But I'll sing you a song from this big oak tree—
 You may copy your tune from mine!"

He lifted his song to heaven
 (He was happy as happy could be)
And sang out a tune triumphantly bold
 That strengthened and comforted me.

"I trust in my Maker," he said;
 "He cares for me all the day long;
He dressed me all up in this little red coat
 And gave me a beautiful song!"

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Belle Van Natta.*
April 9, 1933.

LET ME LINGER HERE

Let me linger here awhile,
Let me have just one more view;
Let me love the old and new
Where the golden flames each mile;
Let me stay to sing again
Songs the old folks knew—and then
 Let me linger here awhile.

Let me linger here to give
One more memory all a-gleam
Like the sweetness of a dream;
One more rose that love may live.
I would consecrate each ray
Of this heart Memorial Day—
 Let me linger here to give.

The Kendallville (Ind.) News-Sun. *Schuyler C. Spero.*
June 5, 1933.



THE HILLS ARE CALLING ME

The hills are calling me from unsound reason,
 Away from chaos of the city's din,
 To loveliness that paints the autumn season,
 Where smoke of Indian Summer, blue and thin,
 Is like a drouth consuming trees in fire.

For these a bright abandon, and I follow
 The primitive design of each brave tree;
 And I shall find the echo in the hollow,
 And know the secret of infinity:
 That only seekers find what they desire.

Now when the summer's smile is sad and sober,
 The linnet and the lark have made retreat;
 When Chestnut, Spruce and Maple meet October,
 And place gold-burning typhoons at her feet,
 Here is an altar where the bronze ash spills.

These autumn colors have a golden beauty
 Like rare, old china painted with bright glow;
 And though I hear the urgent call of duty,
 I must abandon city walls and go—
 For I am a companion of the hills.

Tessa Sweazy Webb.

The Logan (Ohio) Democrat Sentinel.



PRAYER FOR EACH DAY

Lord, keep tomorrow. Never let me know
What lies in store for me.
Then I shall go
Serenely on my way,
Beneath the sun
That shines upon today,
Unhampered by vain dreams and foolish fears.

There is no need to run
A step ahead.

With you beside me through the coming years
I shall not dread
The darkest night
Or worry lest a sudden storm arise.

I would be brave, but human strength is frail—
So, when I strain my eyes
To look beyond, do not remove the veil
That keeps tomorrow hidden from my sight.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Saturday Night.
April 15, 1933.

Eugenia T. Finn.

SONG OF GRATITUDE

Out of my joy I have written my song,
Charmed by the lilt of the musical notes
When the vibration of small, feathered throats
Captured my heart. I have mixed with the throng
Working at mid-day or watching by night,
Taken my stand in the battle for right,
Known the exultance of every clean fight.

Cupping my hands as a chalice for dew,
Sweet benediction has sanctioned my prayer,
Proving there must be a Power somewhere—
In me, around me, above in the blue—
Holding this wonderful world in its place,
Shaping and guiding the great human race,
Setting the mark of itself on man's face.

Out of the strength of a full growing tree,
Life has flowed into my veins once again.
Rays of the sun carried healing, and then
Moonlight brought peace. In the surge of the sea
I was released from my hindering fears,
Faith, like the turn of the tide, checked my tears,
Swept me along on the crest of the years.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Saturday Night.

August 19, 1933.

Eugenia T. Finn.

THE WILD DOVE

The soft blue shadows of morning
Had scarcely faded and gone,
When a dove, with broken pinion,
In the wind's vortex was drawn
To the boughs of a lonely cypress
That topped a rounded hill,
Where lupines grew at random
And poppies bloomed at will.

"Sad, oh, sad," mourned the lost one,
As the flowers said: "We know
The reason for your mourning,
For soon we, too, must go
With loosened petals drifting
Before the ruthless wind"—
"Sad, oh, sad," came the echo,
"My mate I long to find.

"So I wait, and my plaintive lovecall
May be heard throughout the hours,
That number the reign of summer
And the queenship of the flowers,
Until to me she wingeth
From out of the deep blue sky."

"Fate," said the lupines, softly,
"Yes," was the poppies' sigh.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Times. Mabel W. Phillips.

AMENITY

They ask me why I wear this somber gown
For you who were so gay.
How shall I tell them, dearest, that 'tis not
For you I wear the night?
For you I wore the radiant scarves of noon,
Went garmented in day;
For you I went panoplied in the sun
And all things bright.
'Tis not for you, beloved, now I wear
Darkness in ancient sign,
But for myself who died that certain night
Your hand fell limp in mine.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Times.

Irene Wilde.

ALONE

You taught me to laugh at sorrow
You taught me to sing and be gay
You said that the world was a playhouse
With friends to applaud our play.

But now you have left me lonely
So lonely I cannot say
I find myself on the stage alone
My audience gone its way

But I would not dare to murmur
Not now would I sigh nor weep
For you would not understand, dear,
And now you are sweet in sleep.

So when I pray at night time
I ask God silently
That when the curtain drops on me
That we'll be like we used to be.

For we were two gay troupers
And we laughed our way along
We sang our tune together
Only now there's a rift in my song.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.
October 20, 1933.

Ruby MacLeod Taylor.

CANTERBURY BELLS

The stories quaint that Chaucer's pilgrims told,
The sayings wise that from a' Becket came,
A vision of cathedrals, stately, old,
All these come with the voicing of your name.

Sweet canterbury bells, no bell note rings
From your fair flowers where grace and beauty dwells,
But every nodding bloom a memory brings
Of old world scenes and chimes of holy bells.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. Margo.
"The Rhymster's Corner", July 28, 1933.

NATURE OBSERVES NRA

Nature's face is glad today
On hill and dale and wold
For she is heeding the N.R.A.
For she brings out her treasured gold.
We can't chide her for doing wrong
In hoarding it the whole summer long.

We never guessed she had so much
Hidden in trees and grass
Waiting for Autumn's Midas-touch
To bring this thing to pass;
Today on the landscape far, behold
How those poplar trees are spending their gold!

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. Addie M. Proctor.
October 6, 1933.

FOREST FIRE

From time immemorial, there stood
A majestic colonnade of trees
Sequoias, with stately fluted boles
Like carvings on a Grecian frieze,
Till Belial, armed with firebrands
Besieged them, day after day
And like a mad alchemist, transmuted
Their beauty into cinders gray.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.
November 24, 1933. Grace-Severy McKnight.

DREAM BABY

I dream I see your tumbled hair,
Your eyes of roguish brown;
I hear your patter down the stair,
Your laugh like thistledown;

And yet my arms have never held
Your rounded little form,
Your fingers never brushed my cheek
Or took my hair by storm,

For you are just a smothered hope,
Budding dream that died;
I wonder will it live and bloom
Upon life's "other side."

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Mabel Griswold.*
September 8, 1933.

SUNSET

Have you seen the wonderful sunsets
At the close of these heated days?
Not only the western horizon
But the whole sky is ablaze.
As if some kindly giant
Waiting the bright day's close
Above our tree set valley
Had fitted a cap of rose.

Not long does the glory linger,
A sight so supreme may not stay.
One moment, a sky of splendor,
The next, a dull, lifeless gray.
But, when I sail toward the sunset
To embark on an unknown sea,
My glimpse of this moment of beauty
Will lighten the voyage for me.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Margo.*
"The Rhymster's Corner", October 27, 1933.

FATE

In youth, I planned my pathway bright to choose,
The mirrored heights of fame I sought to climb;
Determined in my ventures not to lose,
But always upward press to realms sublime.

Each ship I sent to sea before a gale
Of winding fury stranded on the bars;
I saw my castles fall, and bright dreams fail;
My hopes, they seemed like broken fallen stars.

Today, I know there is a guiding hand
That leads through labyrinthian shadow ways—
A Power that controls the future plan
For every soul, and unseen rules the days.

O, Fate be kind, I pray, at eventide!
My onward step is faltering, and slow,
With chastened will let me in peace abide,
As flickering the fires burn dim and low.

The Moore County News. *Jessica Morehead Young.*
March 2, 1933.

FELONS TRIUMPHANT

Need a felon's heart turn bitter in its sorrow?
Or his soul be any darker for its scars?
When the stormy waters are again subsided,
Is the pool no more a mirror for the stars?

Some are greater than their fate, and let the tempest,
Swirling darkness o'er their soul's bright hemispheres,
Be for them a curtain dropping but an instant
While the frightened child behind it sheds his tears.

Through the rare, redeeming virtue roused in weeping,
There are men who triumph in their bitter hour,
For their tears are like warm rain drops in the evening,
And their harassed souls are like a thirsty flower.

The Nevada State Journal. *Jackson Barber.*
"Poetic Nevadans", February 12, 1933.

PEACE

A cheerful fire on a winter's night,
And a high-backed rocking chair,
The strains of music that I love,
Drifting in on the winter air.

A quiet nook in a mountain glade;
The sun shut out by whispering trees,
Where a babbling brook goes laughing by
On its way to the seven seas.

A book beloved, and a trusted friend,
To council and advise,
When the chill winds of adversity,
Swoop down from leaden skies.

The love of family and of friends,
The hope of a life to be;
The trust and faith of a little child,
That's what peace means to me.

The Nevada State Journal.
"Poetic Nevadans".

J. M. Lenahan.

"TRAIN FEVER"

I hear a train 'a whistlin'
It's comin' round the bend;
I'd like to climb aboard it
And ride it to the end.

No matter where it's going
I'd like to head that way;
But when it finally reached there
I wouldn't care to stay.

For when that train would whistle
'A comin' back again
I'd surely have to board it,
And ride it to the end.

The Nevada State Journal.
"Poetic Nevadans".

Evelyn Boudette.

RAIN IN THE MOUNTAINS

Rain falls over the mountains
Where crags are lovely and frail;
Rain falls over the mountains, . . .
A misty, shadowy veil.

Paths that once were familiar,
That wind through bushes and grass,
Now seem mystic and gloomy,
Where goblins eerily pass.

Birds that dwell in the forest,
Red robins, thrushes and lark,
Songsters' chirping, young fledglings,
Are hushed by storms and the dark.

Soon as ceases the rainfall,
The birds are chanting to God;
Creatures merrily gambol,
The sun embraces the sod.

Rain falls over the mountains,
A misty, shadowy veil
Scarcely concealing the Giver,
Whose bounties never fail.

The Nevada State Journal. *Josephine Eather.*
"Poetic Nevadans", August 15, 1933.

SUNRISE ON THE DESERT

Sunrise on the desert,
Where the soul is nearest God,
And stillness calms my restless heart,
As by His staff and rod.

Sunrise on the desert
And my life is like the sand
Where winds have blown; but He
Must hold it in His hand.

The Nevada State Journal. *Jean LaHue Brown.*
"Poetic Nevadans".

BARTER

There is a melody in this tiny rosebud
That's scented with the perfume of the past;
An essence there of faded loves, old lovers
Whose arms reach out to clasp and hold me fast.
I found it pressed between the yellow pages
Of an old love song I sometimes used to sing.
The rose replaced its sweetness with soft music
When the fragrance of its petaled heart took wing.

The Nevada State Journal. Gertrude Grymes Smith.
"Poetic Nevadans", June 22, 1933.

QUATRAIN

Summer, stark in the valley,
Shrouded in purple and red;
The whimpering wind in the chimney,
Is holding a wake for the dead.

The Nevada State Journal. Bertha Raffetto.
"Poetic Nevadans", September 30, 1933.

BREAKFAST

He scrambles to his highchair,
In happy haste to be
Off to building palaces,
By the shining sea.
Chubby, dimpled darling,
He offers me a share—
With syrup in his eyebrows,
And oatmeal in his hair!

The Nevada State Journal. Sara Lampe.
"Poetic Nevadans", June 28, 1933.

MARCH

In mullioned pools of wild-wood bowers,
Belated ice still lingers;
Corsage bouquets of last year's flowers;
Are clutched in earth's cold fingers.

The Nevada State Journal. Bertha Raffetto.
"Poetic Nevadans", March 4, 1933.

THE COMING OF COURAGE

O, I have seen a glory far greater than the Spring,
And I have heard a music the robin cannot bring,
And I have seen a beauty, a golden, glowing cup,
Wonder that is swifter than the crocus springing up.

For I have seen a people awakening from fear,
And I have heard the treble of laughter ringing clear.
I have seen the chalice of a spirit newly made,
And, leaping from the scabbard, a nation's shining blade.

The Newark (N. J.) News.
April 11, 1933.

Erene Angleman.

DOWN A WOODLAND WAY

As I was strolling down a woodland way
I met fair Spring, a garland on her arm;
She stood a moment gazing in dismay,
Then turned and fled away in swift alarm.

And as I strove to follow her swift flight
Along the way that I had seen her pass,
No trace of her remained to meet my sight,
Save three wild violets among the grass.

The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.
May 4, 1933.

Mildred Howells.

HEALERS

When blue-gold days of Spring return,
Each blackened way to beauty yields,
As sunbeams fall with healing touch
Across the dreary, lifeless fields.

So, too, the garden of the heart
Shall reawake and bloom again,
When Hope's soft light falls on the ruin
Left by an hour of bitter pain.

Katherine Edelman.
The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.

THE POET, NOW FORGOT

(Sir William Watson, former poet-laureate of England, lives poor and infirm in obscurity at Rottingdean, near Brighton, completely forgotten and neglected, and suffering in want.)

His lyre, all unstrung and mute, lies dusty and forlorn,
His heartstrings, oft athrob and keen, are weary now
and worn;

His songs, once rhythmic and serene, are cold and eke
unvoiced—

He stepped from bright Olympic heights, with heavy
eyes and moist.

Time was when he, Parnassus born, stood adamant on
guard,

And flung his toga to the breeze as Albion's honored
bard,

And to the welkin his famed voice oft rose compas-
sionate—

The voice which ruled all poesy as poet-laureate!

He sang in mighty epic strains his nation's valiant deeds,

He lyricized her heroes bold, he harmonized all creeds;

He wove a strong palladium to guard each patriot—

Decrepit, old and weak he lies, by all the world—forgot!

This dreamer lies and dreams of peace far from his hills
and dale,

Where cherubim sing of repose beyond the heavenly veil;

His ink is dry, his pen is dead—oh, fie this mundane
blot,

Who yesterday was lionized, today alas, forgot!

Oh singer of the rhyméd muse, thy songs, born of the
heart,

Discordant are with modern times—with songs of
brawn and mart;

We make our play, our song we sing, the world will not
allot

A fleeting tribute of faint praise as we pass on, forgot!

The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.

March 23, 1933.

Herman A. Heydt.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

Sometimes I think we lack the fortitude
The Pilgrims knew in that first trying year,
So few in number, unknown perils near,
Sickness and death, not even enough of food;
And yet it seemed those very trials endued
Their hearts with some deep power to persevere,
That gave them strength to overcome all fear
And banish the desire to grieve and brood.

The cold, bleak winter waned and with the spring
New hope was born, and soon the little band
Was busy planting grain; rich harvesting
Was theirs, for providence had blessed the land—
They who have felt no want may never know
Joy, like that first Thanksgiving long ago.

The Newcastle (Ind.) News-Republican.
December 1, 1933. Margaret E. Bruner.

ROBIN

My lusty Robin has an orange breast,
What unobserving dullard called it red?
Perhaps his life was so devoid of zest
He felt obliged to color things he said.

The New York American. Leonora Owsley Herman.

OLD ROAD

The new road gleams with firmness and goes straight,
A never-ending highway—but of late
I have learned an old road, flower-trimmed, has grace
And on it one meets Memory face to face.

The New York American. Marguerite George.

PORTRAIT

Carmelita Callahan,
Like strange haunting music,
With dancing, dreaming, gray eyes
By sooty fingers set;
The rose-white skin of Erin
And hair of Spanish jet;
A brogue-sweet way of speaking;
Can you quite forget?

Carmelita Callahan,
Damned from the beginning,
Yet challenging, alluring,
As lovely as her name;
A careless match to kindling
Will make a pretty flame,
But after it is over
It seems a sorry game.

Carmelita Callahan,
Daring, laughter-loving,
And harming no one but herself,
So brave and sweet and witty.
Her name can still cause us a pang
Of swift and instant pity
For all wild beauty trapped and held
Within a hungry city.

The New York American.
"March of Events", May 4, 1933.

Joy O'Hara.

TEARS

All newly gowned in gay anticipation
Of lunching at the Crillon—very chic!—
Hurrying toward my giddy destination
I passed a woman—desolate and weak—
Stranding within a doorway like a statue,
Beaten and pallid, a child upon her arm,
Holding some pencils, silent, looking at you.
The coin I gave could spare her little harm.

Yet as I looked into the wet and shining
Young eyes I left to hurry on my way,
My own were weeping too, my thought divining
The depth of misery that filled her day.
Then I despised myself for tears so callow.
This weeping took no covers from *my* bed.
Our grief for fellow man is frail and shallow.
"Sell all ye have, and give to the poor," *He* said.

The New York Sun.
July 14, 1933.

Leonora Owsley Herman.

AUCTION

"Recluse" they called him—spoke of him as queer.
Now villagers come ambling up his walk
And through his cottage, curious to hear
A snatch of gossip, and his neighbors talk
Of how he brought her to his house, his bride,
Aloof as if the two of them had known
A bit of paradise, and when she died
He lived these many silent years alone.
They thumb a vase—that one she loved so well.
The cameo he bought for her is sold;
But memories one cannot buy and sell,
And treasures are not always weighed in gold.
They jest and bid, their laughter fills the air.
There comes a hollow echo down the stair.

The New York Sun.
January 13, 1933.

Gertrude Ryder Bennett.

CANNON

Guns for the dead reverberate
Across the hills at Arlington
While sabers glitter in the sun.
Could tempered steel have nobler fate

Than this? Cannon from Bethlehem,
Evolved from hell-fire, you have found
Your recompense on hallowed ground,
Voicing a soldier's requiem.

The New York Times.
May 30, 1933.

Louise Crenshaw Ray.

THE NEEDY

"I have more food than I can eat—
They faint with hunger in the street.

I have more clothes than I can wear—
Their heads and hands and feet are bare.

My walls are thick and warm and dry—
Their walls are rain and wind and sky.

My heart knows love of noble souls—
Their hearts are hungry, thirsty bowls.

These things let me remember when
Cries of the needy rise again."

The New York Times.

Alice Ferrin Hensey.

RIDDLE

Something bright as water
Glitters in the grass,
Where neither rain nor river
Was ever known to pass.

In still midsummer weather;
Unless it were the ghost
Of dew come back to comfort
The frail and thirsting host.

Delicate as tissue,
Slender as a twist
Of stuff to patch a fly's wing,
Or mend a veil of mist.

Yet once a living rhythm
Did secretly forsake
This shred of banded gossamer
That briefly housed a snake.

The New York Times.

Winifred Gray Stewart.

THE HOMING HEART

Each morning little roadways beckon me
To leave housewifely chores undone—
Forsake such homely tasks as brewing tea,
And baking muffin, tart or bun.
At times I follow some lane's crooked finger:
I leave the bed unmade, the floor
Unswept, the dishes stacked—scarce do I linger
To close the blind, or lock the door.

All day I roam, held in the witching thrall
Of my roadway-seducer. Where
Sun-dappled woodlands slope, I hear the call
Of some lone quail; and to his lair
I chase a frightened squirrel. Then, on straw
Which thickly mats the earth-sweet sod,
I lie and listen to an insect draw
His bow and hymn a tune to God.

At last the woods grow dim, the sun drops low,
I feel the chilling damp of dew—
And quick, on swift-winged, homesick feet, I go
Straight back to my wee house and you!

The New York Times.
July 7, 1933.

Winnie Lynch Rockett.

FOR MARCH DAYS

Give the wind its reeds to blow,
Give the wind its fill;
Give it pampas grass to flow
And wheat upon the hill;
Give it row on sharp-edged row
Of cat-tailed green; and newly
The notes of Spring, fortissimo,
Will echo sharp and shrill.
Give the wind its reeds to sound
And Spring will blossom from the ground.

The New York Times.
March 24, 1933.

Helen Maring.

MONUMENTS

Far back in the quiet country,
At the end of a wooded lane,
Is an ancient family grave yard,
Weathered by sun and rain,

The dark, slate stones are crumbling,
Some have fallen down,
Wild black berry vines entangle them,
Faint lettering still is found.

In the center of this lonely spot,
There stands a simple stone,
In memory of a pioneer
Who built the first rude home.

He changed the fearful wilderness,
To acres smooth and fair.
He raised a sturdy race of men.
His neighbors' tasks he shared.

One son left with restless heart,
And went to the western coast,
Opening an easier passageway
For the feet of the coming hosts.

The second wrote historic tales,
For future men to read,
The third son gave his life to free
His land from a rash king's greed.

A prosperous city is near the spot,
Its founder is known to few.
The many people who walk its streets,
Care little of how it grew.

A building of marble fine to behold,
Stands in the public square,
The gilded cornices flash in the sun,
Its treasures are old and rare.

In front of the temple a statue of bronze
Reminds all who pass of the man,
Of the one who gave of his countless wealth
That his monument might stand.

His tenements house the very poor.
His mills pay a meager wage.
His wife now lives in a foreign land,
The victim of his rage.

Two men, two lives, two monuments,
One gave a marble hall.
The other, unknown, desired no fame,
But gave himself to all.

Doris Hildreth Wheeler.

The Northfield (Mass.) Herald.

PARTING

My heart is sad at parting
When I leave you for the day;
I hope that all goes well with you
The hours I am away;
But love is very strong, dear,
When bound about by trust—
To earn the Daily Budget, dear,
I go, for go I must!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Mabel C. Fuller.
"The Other Fellow", November 9, 1933.

I ENVY WHITE CANDLES

I envy white candles
Burning
In the cathedral
They hold the darkness
Always
At a distance.

I envy white candles
Burning
For when I forsake
Their tiny flame
The darkness swallows me.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Leonard Cooper.
"The Other Fellow", August 20, 1933.

SWEET LAVENDER

Stately lady of the garden,
You hold high your crested head,
Breathing forth old-fashioned fragrance,
As I pass your flower bed.

Many flowers are more lovely,
Many perfumes far more rare;
But in all my daily living,
You have held a vital share.

'Neath the lid of bridal hope chest
Snowy linens, row on row,
Held the scent of your small blossoms
Like a blessing you'd bestow.

In a drawer amid small garments,
Sewn by Hope, but never worn,
Here again I find your bounty . . .
Soothing balm to heart pain torn.

On Life's looms are memory pictures,
Tapestries of by-gone days,
Through whose golden woof of gladness
Runs the warp of Sorrow's greys.

All my life through joys and sadness,
You have played a daily part,
And your perfume calls up pictures
In the gallery of my heart.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Laura J. Larson.*
"The Other Fellow", October 27, 1933.

TEMPO

Dull days fly quickly past
Like gray cliff-swallows at the sea's bare
And misty edge. Fly fast!

Moments of beauty poise;
Poise like seagulls in the dreaming air,
Whom no dark wind destroys—

On slow, deliberate wings,
Sculptured like marble on the sapphire sky,
Transient, eternal things!

Drab days fly quickly past
Like gray cliff-swallows at the sea's bare
And misty edge. Fly fast!

Moments of beauty poise ,
Longer than sea-gulls ever poised in air
Above the waves' white noise,

Pausing in pleasantness
Against the shoulders of the sun and rain,
Suspended loveliness!

Why must all beauty teem
With its own death?—Cannot the air sustain
A gull, the soul a dream?

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Julia Cooley Altrocchi.
"The Other Fellow", January 10, 1933.*

OCTOBER TRAIL

A hard, dusty trail winds away to the spring,
Around the big oak where the honey bees sing;
The sunshine flecks down on the trampled dry grass
And a Blue-jay scolds loudly at me as I pass.
A lazy gray lizard stretched out on the trail
Awakens and scurries along an old rail.
I may pause by the flat rock to look for oak-balls,
But if I sit down: "Get right up!" a quail calls.
And then as I pass the wild strawberry patch
From out the warm silence there hops a nuthatch.
The spring, in the canyon, so shady and cold
Means more to the ranch than a handful of gold.
The joy of cool water on warm face and hands
Exceeds the dear magic of far foreign lands.
And then—when I've rested, I think I shall sing
On the hard, dusty trail going home from the spring.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Amy Bower.

OLD IRONSIDES' RETURN

She comes, a victor of the innocuous years!
A water-phenix with her wide, white wings
Full blown with pride that to her heart still sings
Of courage that has never known of fears.
And through the ancient hold are echoings
Of Freedom's voice, the victor's lusty cheers
Above, the spars, the tapering ascents
Of masts triune still keep the sky astir
With regal mien that matched the elements.
Winds and waves give, gladly, place to her
Who comes new-risen from a mossy age;
Time is about her like a sacred breath
To make of her a nation's heritage,
And a symbol mightier than death!

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Donald McNeely.
"The Other Fellow", October 3, 1933.*

LAST ROSE TO THE CARETAKER

Lend me the full vent of your care today,
And a poignant measure of your sympathy,
For you cannot bid me rise again to dance—
Or stoop to kiss the leaf of me.

Tonight my petals fall silently—
And like an unsung song,
When you come to bid me rise again,
I shall be gone. . .

But I have drawn a last and saccharine breath,
And mingled with the dew,
Who can usurp my tremulous escape?
Remembering you. . .

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Olga Wahlstein Leino.
"The Other Fellow", January 15, 1933.*

FUTILITY

It is futile to sigh, for the sun after setting
Returns not to gaze upon yesterday's world;
And as futile as sighs is time lost in regretting,
A moment lives once, and away it is whirled.

Ah, yes, futile the sigh, but 'tis well to remember
And build on the ruins of yesterday's hope,
For though the last fire is no more than an ember
The flame of tomorrow still upward will grope.

Of the struggle today, there are many who weary,
Futility tempts one to drop by the way:
But two days are never quite equally dreary,
And morrows are shaped with the deeds of today.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Elna Forsell Pawson.
July 29, 1933.*

THE RECLUSE

Have you seen the mimosa within its soft shell
All shrinking and suffering stand,
And draw in its tendrils and fold its young leaves
From the touch of the tenderest hand?

Have you seen the young aspen that trembles and sighs
On the breath of the lingering wind?
Well! These are but emblems imperfect and faint
Of the shrinking and sensitive mind.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Don Morton.
February 10, 1933.*

WOULD YOU GO BACK?

Oh! Where are the fields of childhood days?
Gone,—gone with yesterday!
Oh, so green, so blue, so white—
The fields, the sky and tree's delight.
None such now of low-hung sky
Almost touching the tree-top high.
As we grow old the sky recedes,
(Once so near to childhood's needs)
But not for once would I go back
To stand again in childhood's track,
Would you?

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Rosalie Childs.
July 29, 1933.*

ARMISTICE—A TRUCE

"They soon forget"—General Pershing.

A decade and a half ago
We counted crosses row on row,
Ten million crosses, scattered wide—
Five times of sorrow, side by side.

War broke when spring was in the air,
And spring had never been so fair;
As lightning from a cloud it fell.
And opened every door of hell.

A noxious spume of hate arose,
Swept friends and strangers into foes;
And undreamed bitterness found room
For every spiteful tool of doom.

Four years of horror took their toll
Of brain and body, faith and soul;
And spun a chain of human bones
As garlands for the "Unknown" stones.

"They soon forget," a general said,
He looked toward those fields of dead;
And watched the living in review—
"Truly, they know not what they do."

An armistice, a truce, indeed—
They signed, but sowed the next war's seed;
A truce is but a mask between
The things they say and what they mean.

While instruments of war are made,
And men may traffic in the trade;
No honest peace will ever find
Fit housing in the nations' mind.

An armistice, a breathing spell,
To fill the graves of those who fell—
To dull the eyes and minds of men—
Then power, with greed shall march again.

Make nations worthy of the name,
Make peace, the honor, war, the shame;
Then, men shall see the truth, and rise
With God-like glory in their eyes.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. William Nauns Ricks.
"The Other Fellow", November 11, 1933.*

RAG CARPETS

On summer afternoons, when our housework was done,
We sat in the cool hall and tacked carpet rags.
Mostly hit or miss, and oh! the wholesome fun
We had in tales we spun about my calico dress.
Grandma's lavender gingham too, but most of all
Mama's old brown linen caused more laughter, I
guess.

Arrayed in it she'd traveled to many renowned places;
Way over on Piney Creek and up to see the horse races.
And back to New Hope among friendly, familiar faces.

When autumn fires were lighted at close of day,
We stitched the lengths of woven memories into a
covering
For rough pine floors, padded with fragrant hay,
Over which we'd stretch and tack the carpet down,
Neighbors then would gather to view the finished task.
And old Mrs. Jones would chirp, "There's too much
brown,"

But Mrs. Kline declared, "It is a lovely thing."

She shared in our lives either to weep or sing
And knew what joy accomplishment will bring.

The Oklahoma News. Mary Winningham.
"Today's Best Poem", April 9, 1933.

THE BLOOM WITHIN

Scatter seeds of kindness
In the garden of your heart,
Enrich the soil with love,
Give it moisture
With a sympathetic tear,
Paint its petals
With the joy that's in your eye,
Give it fragrance
From the goodness of your soul,
The bloom will be,
Within your heart,
Yet all may see.

The Oklahoma News. Luther Patton.
"Today's Best Poem", April 13, 1933.

TO A FRIEND

You are the calm in a turbulent storm,
You are the good in the midst of harm,
You are the peace in life's vague unrest,
When conflicts one's very soul infest.
In the midst of heartache, grief and woe,
You are misfortune's strongest foe,
When night is hovering you are the dawn,
You are the anchor when hope is gone.
You're the song and the laughter when my heart is glad,
The purging tears when my soul is sad.
You are the martyr—forbearing, giving;
You are the reason for my living.

The Oklahoma News. *Carrie Moore.*
"Today's Best Poem", February 8, 1933.

SENTIMENTS

Oh, it's just the little homely things,
The unobtrusive friendly things,
The "won't-you-let-me-help-you" things,
That make our pathway light.

And it's just the jolly joking things,
The "never-mind-the-trouble" things,
The "laugh-with-me-it's-funny" things,
That make the world seem bright.

For all the countless famous things,
The wondrous record-making things,
Those "never-can-be-equalled" things,
That all the papers cite, . . .

Are not like human things,
The every-day-encountered things,
The "just-because-I-like-you" things,
That make us happy-quite.

So here's to all the little things,
The "done-and-then-forgotten" things,
Those "oh-it's-simply-nothing" things,
That make life worth the fight.

The Oklahoma News. *W. C. Purdy.*
"Today's Best Poem", February 7, 1933.

DEATHLESS DREAMS

A thread of gold, a bit of lace
Bring visions of a happy face.

A scrap of satin, white as snow,
A bride wore, many years ago.

They were important yesterday—
The trash man carted them away.

The gold thread caught a sunny gleam,
The last flare of a deathless dream.

*The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. Maynie Stoddard Wilson.
"Warp & Woof", March 16, 1933.*

TO YOU WHO KEEP FAITH

To you who keep faith in your hearts,
Remember the vision of kings
And give of your charity's store
To those who have none of these things.

Speak well of the one whom you pass
And smile at the man that you meet—
A smile is so freely your own
And will travel the length of the street;

Give everything wrapped in a smile,
Your gifts will be carried afar,
And faith will reveal to your hearts
The light of the magical star.

I give you this gift for your own
To use as you will all the way,
Your faith is the smile that you give
To those whom you meet every day;

Your courage must stand by itself.
Repeat to yourself once again
As dawn fades the star of the night,
"My peace and goodwill to all men."

*The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. James Neill Northcote.
December 21, 1933.*

EXILED

She had not ever thought to leave this Land
Where she was born, to dwell in foreign climes.
But what we least expect must come, sometimes,
Like an inexorable and sharp command,
Far different though it be, from what was planned.
With cold, relentless logic, one act primes
The way for still another, as in rhymes
The ending of the lines go hand in hand.

Because her lover speaks an alien tongue
And laws not understood have been transgressed,
He must return unto the land he knew
And loved, as she loves hers, when he was young.
But when the Judge this stern decree expressed,
Unknowingly, he spoke her sentence, too!

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. Rehge L. Rolle.
"Warp & Woof", June 15, 1933.

OLD MAN

I know an old man
Who sits, on cold winter nights,
Watching Orion
Come up on leaning haunches.
When I questioned him,
He said very placidly
That he was waiting.
For the great millennium.

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. Henry Davis Nadig.
"Warp & Woof", April 20, 1933.

RETURN

I shall come back and laugh in the wind.
My feet will be heard on the April hills.
I shall be seen where the willows bend
And rabbits jump the daffodils.

You will see the oak limbs bend and sway
And some one will talk with a voice that is mine.

You will know surely I have come to play
By the brook and the red columbine.

I shall come back after the shadows fade
In the bird song of a purple dawn,
While you walk by stiff and politely staid,
Having never known I had gone.

*The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. Raymond Kresensky.
"Warp & Woof", October 19, 1933.*

APRIL HOURS

A long wave, blue as the Irish sky,
Low hills and a glittering hawthorn tree,
And the argent April hours go by
As the fishing fleet puts out to sea.

A clear sunset and sails thorn-white,
As the boats come in to the wave-beat strand,
And mirth is king through the long twilight
When silver of fish light the yellow sand.

*The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. John Richard Moreland.
"Warp & Woof", April 20, 1933.*

STARLIGHT

When I grow weary of the world's pretense,
Its bantam strutting and its ferret wiles,
Its pygmies basking in the salon's smiles
While Christ-like souls win rags for recompense;
When I behold the tiger crowds grow dense,
Prowling for blood beneath gold-fretted aisles;
And when, among the blustering city miles,
I scarcely find the whirlwind's permanence,—

Then I turn musing to the stars, which gleam
Aloof above the turmoil of mankind,
Far-shining, till our feuds and fevers seem
Less than a candle flashed before the blind;
Though even man, amid their might, may find
Some cranny in the sky-enfolding Scheme.

*The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. Stanton A. Coblentz.
"Warp & Woof", January 19, 1933.*

CHURCH

I am a sober heart, trudging along,
Church bells tolling Sunday's song.
Blossoming meadows, bird and bee,
Sun and summer winds, calling me.

White skirts are held high out of the dust;
Bare feet and bare legs show as they must.
White kerchief binding sleek yellow hair—
Hose and shoes on again when I get there.

Bare floor and bare pew; dim, drowsy light;
Glance window-wandering—wish that I might
Take to the wild fields, wander with God
There where I left him, on the green sod.

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. *Harry Noyes Pratt.*
"Warp & Woof", June 15, 1933.

WORDS

My friend made much of me, and spoke
Many lovely, empty words;
I opened wide my heart's great door
They floated out . . . swift shining birds.

Why strive to hold such fragile things?
They could not live through one dark day,
Sorrow would shatter their pretense—
And all their iridescence slay.

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. *Ellen M. Carroll.*
"Warp & Woof", August 17, 1933.

PROPHECY

Something someone laughed and said
On that day so long ago,
Seems a mighty portent now
Since I'm old enough to know.

Careless utterance of words,
Only I can know their worth,
Prophecy, oh strangely true,
Spoken lightly at my birth.

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. *Catherine E. Berry.*
"Warp & Woof", August 17, 1933.

THE BUNDLE

He carried a bundle of false beliefs;
Musty and heavy as a lawyer's briefs;
Prejudice, jealousy, bitterness, strife,—
These were the wares of his troubled life.

He carried the bundle wherever he went,—
Anger, suspicion, and selfish intent;
He saw what he sought, injustice and sin.
Life was a tempest without and within.

He mumbled and stumbled; the world was all wrong.
His bundle grew heavy as he shuffled along.
Worry, impatience, discord, and doubt,—
These were the things that he dragged all about.

Tired of his bundle, he set the load down;
He prayed long to God; his face lost its frown.
In his eyes dawned a light by which he could see.
He forsook his old bundle and walked away free.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Grenville Kleiser.*
"Talespins", March 5, 1933.

THE JOURNEY

I like to think some rosy morn
 Will bear me far away;—
No midnight journey, dark, forlorn,
 No knowing bright midday.

But as the drowse of childhood's head
 Steals with the evening hush,
May I in older age instead
 Slip with the morning's blush—

Ah, in the morning's primal glow,
 In the first lights of dawn,
That I may reach where I would go
 Before the day is gone!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Vernon L. Smith.*
"Talespins", October 23, 1933.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

(A Tribute.)

A great man has gone on
Quietly, as always and as ever
Did he go the way;
And as in life,
Not seeking great applause
('Twas there his greatness lay.)
So in death
They bore him to the hills
He had so loved,
Without the fan-fare and flare
Of false display.
And now he knows
The answer to it all.

And we who still go on
In obscure ways, perhaps,
Are wondering
When we too
Shall know
The Why!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.
"Talespins", March 5, 1933.

Mina Broome.

THE WAY

The world is a seething caldron,
Filled with envy, despair and greed,
Into which have fallen people
Of every nation and creed;
Stirred by the hand of dissension,
Kept boiling by fires of hate;
Satan looks on and is mirthful,
For he wishes the people this fate.

But God is still in His heaven
And He'll quench the fires that burn,
But we must kill envy, hatred
And back to His teachings turn—
For He is the Man Forgotten,
The one we must love and trust,
And He'll give us peace and plenty,
Instead of famine and lust.

So let us climb out of the caldron,
Get down on our knees and pray,
Then all strive and work together
For a better, happier day.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. May M. Duffee.
"Talespins".

BEYOND REACH

Soiled hands may touch the flesh, my dear,
Vile words may fall upon the ear.
But see yon gleaming star!
Some things beyond the ghoulish reach—
Some things there are that gently teach
The cleansing of a mar.

Only in darkness starlight shines;
And midst the piercing cereus spines
White is the petaled bowl.
There lifts beyond the reach of hands,
Beyond the thorns and sable lands,
The beauty of the soul.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Ruby Pearl Patterson.
October 1, 1933.

PLAYING HOOKEY

The day was blue and golden-bright,
An Autumn day, Tom said, just right
For plowing through the fields all day.
He said he had to run away!

He said the chestnut burrs were dropping,
The woods alive with crickets hopping;
School was forgotten, time was gone,
Adventure led him on and on.

I know, boy, by established rule,
You should of course have been in school.
But I'd have gladly gone with you—
Such days, I would play truant, too!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Marjorie K. Rawlings.
"Talespins", October 28, 1933.

"THIS HOPE WE HAVE"

Out of the darkness, a flower shall blossom,
Bursting its cover when winter is past;
Lifting its petals to sweetness and summer,
Saving its life from destruction at last;
And the Tiller who planted a bulb in the soil
Knew that lilies would pay for his moments of toil.

Never a weed can grow up from a flower;
And never a flower comes up from a weed:
Reapers go out to the fields they have planted,
Knowing that wheat will run true to the seed:
And the Man who let Spirit go down in the sod,
Knew that glory would rise up and triumph for God.

Out of the tomb, where the Master was hidden,
Life came from Death to the fullness of Day;
Out of the dust, where our loved ones are buried,
Beauty springs up from corruption in clay:
And the Lord who renews them in gardens more fair,
Gives His promise to us—we shall know them up There!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Helene Claiborne.*
"Talespins", April 16, 1933.

HE'LL REST A SPELL

He has the boys in college now—
Of that he likes to tell;
He hopes he'll last till they get through,
But, gosh! it's quite a spell.

He is bound to give them all he can—
But business ain't so good!
He hopes to manage money enough
'To see him through the wood.'

He's mortgaged all he owns—
About his health—he fails to tell
The boys,—but when they're through
He is going to rest a spell.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Zoda E. Anderson.*
"Talespins", April 26, 1933.

MIGRATING BIRDS

I have a vagrant family,
They're always on the wing.
They migrate south at autumn time
And then go north in spring.
And as they journey on their way
They stop a while with me;
These welcome, little guests accept
My hospitality.

Is it blind chance that guides their flight
Through sun and fog and rain,
And keeps them safely all the way
Across the hill and plain?

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Emma R. Wilson.*
"Talespins".

THE VISITOR

I heard her coming in the night;
Her fairy footsteps airily
Came tap, tap, tapping merrily,
Adown the garden path so light.
Rejoicing followed in her train,
The rose, the garden queen, bent lightly,
And all the flowers greeted brightly
The soft, reviving, springtime rain.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Elizabeth A. Cook.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena"
May 21, 1933.

TRUST

When trials come, O, do not pray
That you may understand.
You do not need to see the way,
But just to feel God's hand.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Sara R. Stansberry.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena"
April 30, 1933.

A PRAYER

These favors I would humbly ask:
In days remaining
That I do my appointed task
Without complaining.
And in life's battles that I may
Be more forgiving;
And worthy of a small bouquet
While I am living.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. A. W. Macy.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",
October 15, 1933.

THE BLOSSOMING TREE

The spring has taken a lovely bride
As dark and graceful of limb
As the Shulamite who all the pride
Of Solomon shared with him.

Her slender form is clothed in a white
Effervescence as soft as sighs;
Her attendants, all radiant as crystal light,
Are a glory of butterflies.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Ruby Robinson Wise.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena"

TIME

Time the restless rover scans
Horizons yet unknown,
And wings the hours where darkness swings
And hums in monotone.

And here beyond our visioning,
We see no finger write;
Time metes its daily reprimand,
Across our darkened sight.

Time the restless rover speeds;
A comet in its flight,
Leaving the fervor of its flame,
Earth children to indict.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Caroline Converse.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",
February 5, 1933.

RADIO

Rose leaves floating through the air
Bring to earth an attar rare;
Pearls of sound on ether wings,
Threaded upon radio strings;
Gems of thought from gifted minds,
Enthralled, world-wide audience finds;
Priceless boon long sought by seers,
Joins our world to higher spheres.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Anna Maria Wirth.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",
March 19, 1933.

THE OCEAN

The dreariest thing I have ever known
Is the ocean in rainy weather.
The gray waves utter a hollow moan
And huddle close together
Like virgins late at the bridal feast
Waiting outside as the gloom increased—
The dreariest thing I have ever known
Is the ocean in rainy weather.

The happiest thing I have ever seen
Is the ocean in the sun.
The gay waves gowned in a frothy sheen
Laugh and dance and run,
Laying a shell on the sandy shore
And racing back to the depths for more—
The happiest thing I have ever seen
Is the ocean in the sun.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Edith Cherrington.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",
July 30, 1933.

REMEMBRANCE

There is charm in the gray of the twilight
As it rests like a shadowy veil;
And in gray when the daytime is dawning
With the star-shine beginning to pale;
There are etchings of gray on the heather
On acacia and sycamore trees;
Like a curtain of gray are the fog banks
As they fitfully lift in the breeze.

Yet how strange that whenever I hear it,
The word carelessly mentioned as gray—
In my vision there comes a sweet picture,
A fond memory, blessing today,
Of a gown with a sheen like the silver,
(Where is costume so lovely now pray?)
Of her bonnet, her shawl soft and silken,
And my dear Quaker Lady in gray.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Kate K. Church.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",
May 14, 1933.

UNSPOKEN WORDS

Unspoken words are sometimes best
We know full well. The thoughtless jest
May often leave a burning sting,
And endless misery will bring,
Which saps youth's strength, destroys life's zest.

It well may be that in the quest
For happiness, we are so pressed
Time seems too short for pondering
Unspoken words.

But if, when riding on life's crest,
We see another meet the test
With courage fine, would not the ring
Of phrases which his praises sing
Be better than acclaim repressed—
Unspoken words.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Gertrude McCarthy.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena",
June 25, 1933.

TWO POETS

A poet wrought his song of simple words,
Words that every one knew;
They fluttered from his pen like home-bound birds
Winging a message true.

Another sang with pompous air, and bold
Thoughts hard and intricate;
The melody was lost, the music cold,
The heart left desolate.

The first song echoed far around the earth,
Heart to heart, ear to ear;
The other poet's rhyme died with its birth,
And none to hold it dear.

The Paterson (N. J.) Call. *Ara McCay Crull.*
"Noteworthy Poems For Your Album", Nov. 2, 1933.

IN SOME FORGOTTEN CORNER

So let the sword be sheathed, or gather dust
In some forgotten corner evermore.
Ours be pacific calm, wherein no war
Of vengeance or of jealousy can thrust,
Flashing, the blade between. With perfect trust
To meet whatever trial we heretofore
Shielded against, we press on, to explore,
Whether the sword be keen or brown with rust.

Whether the night be jeweled with stars, or black,
Whether the day be gold, or hung with mist,
Only we know, the sword forever gone,
Together we traverse the kalends' track,
Our song, without that steel accompanist,
Melting in flame from dawn to endless dawn.

The Paterson (N. J.) Morning Call. Benjamin Musser,
"Noteworthy Poems for Your Album".

CONTENTMENT

The sunlight makes a shining path
Across the room,
And on my window softly taps
A spray of bloom.

Your eyes rest where the carpet shows
A trace of wear,
And on the dirt small feet have made
Along the stair.

The wind sweeps in a fragrant gust
The door blows wide,
Laughter and happiness and peace
Are all inside.

And you may have your Persian rugs,
Your stairs so white,
For I have daughters at my left,
Sons on my right.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin.

March 18, 1933.

Catherine Cate Coblentz.

ONLY WITH YOU

Only with you can I hear the pipes
Of Pan among the sedges,
And the fleeting footsteps of gay flowers
Around the wood-lot's edges.

Only with you can I understand
The wind's alluring strumming,
Or the soft response of spreading trees
To the river's tender humming.

And the little house where hearts abide,
Where love-lights beam the clearest,
Can be found with only one I know,
Only with you, my dearest.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin.
May 8, 1933.

Rebecca Helman.

TO MY HANDS

I have sung songs to early dawn,
To sunsets; and the rose
Has had a tribute; but today,
All that a hand bestows

Shall be my theme . . . my hands . . . I sing;
Hands they have been that tried
To do my will through many years,
To keep dreams satisfied.

To do the work that fell to me,
To serve each hour my will;
Hands that took up the somber task
And helped hopes to fulfill.

Once, too, they added grace to youth,
So hands shall have my song
This day—a tribute and a mead of praise
That they have meted long.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin. *George Elliston.*
"Every-Day Poems".

VISION

To Miss Helen Keller

If I could loan these sad gray eyes of mine
To one who never yet has seen the spring;
Who only by its fragrance knows the rose
And by its song a bird upon the wing;
Who never caught the beauty of the dawn
That wrapped its colors in the morning mist
Or gazed a moment on the evening star
That with the early moonlight held a tryst.

If I could loan these sad gray eyes of mine
Just for a day to one who needs them so
I would not mind the darkness for awhile,
As softly I beheld the lights grow low.
I would be happy knowing she could see
The loveliness of things that blinded me.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Inquirer. *Charles Bancroft.*
March 29, 1933.

BANKED FIRE

I banked the graying ashes in the grate
And covered deep each smoldering spark of fire.
I wondered—would their fading glow expire
Or live till my return—perchance, too late
For fire to be re-kindled . . . long the wait
And manifold misfortunes intervened
Before I opened wide the door that leaned
On broken hinges. Chilled and desolate
I knelt and stirred the embers lying dead,
Then touched a match to firewood made of thorn.
A leaping flame sprang into orange-red
And warmed the empty place. Again was born
An ecstasy of passionate desire
That burned as high as that re-kindled fire!

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Katharine Buoy.
"Oregonian Verse", November 5, 1933.

WORSHIP

The ivy knows God is a wall,
Sun-bathed and infinitely tall;

The moss confesses God a stone
That never can be overgrown.

Man in his secret heart discovers
God is the endless love of lovers!

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. James Lewis Hays.
"Oregonian Verse", November 5, 1933.

QUERIES FOR CINDERELLA

Cinderella, Cinderella,
Dancing at the ball—
Does the thought of midnight's coming
Trouble you at all?

Cinderella, Cinderella,
In your satin gown,
As you smile do you remember
How your sisters frown?

Laughing lips and fairy slippers—
Do they banish woe?
Cinderella, Cinderella,
Do not tremble so!

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Eleanor Hansen.*
"Oregonian Verse", November 26, 1933.

THE PRAYER OF THE NATION

God grant us to be no more slaves to fear;
Who conquered fear in battles that are past!
May we lift high the shining flag of cheer;
For Thou wilt lead us to our goal at last!

Grant we break off the strangling grip of self;
For we are stronger than its clumsy hold;
Unclasp, for us, the hands that cling for pelf.
And let our treasure be Thy faith of old!

Give us the strength to crush the serpent coiled,
To strike us with the fangs of unbelief;
May we leave lust and license, dead and foiled;
And have no fellowship with numbing grief!

Let labor fill the barren land again,
And touch with power, harvest field and loom;
With leisure, rich, and deep as April rain,
To urge the bud of genius to its bloom.

Grant ways of quietness, and sober thought;
And earnest seeking for the truth we lost,
Will build anew, the dream that once we wrought,
And bridge the stream where mad desire is tossed!

May we go forward!—linked with Thee, and man;
With Thy eternal Word our truth and way;—
Let us forget the darkened course we ran,
Within the light of love's unending day!

Mary Alethea Woodward.
The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.

TO UPWARD GRANDEUR

Not many of us sense that mountains move,
And not the tortuous way that glaciers crawl—
But suddenly, like shadows on a wall,
Or dust that rises wind-blown, from a groove
Between the street and walk. The mountains grow
In magic-wise the time we climb a hill;
Or when we soar on plane-wings mountains will
To upward grandeur, tall and fair. Mists blow—
And mountains walk into the graying shade
Of farther distance. When the air is clear
The mountains gain quick feet and come so near
We can reach out and touch them unafraid.
Some do not know that mountains have no roots,
But stride across the earth in seven-leagued boots.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Helen Maring.*
"Oregonian Verse", October 22, 1933.

OLD MAN HARD LUCK

Old Man Hard Luck,
Travels every road;
Bristly as a hedge-hog,
Homely as a toad;
Sowing briars and brambles
Everywhere he goes
Handing us a thistle
When we crave a rose!

Old Man Hard Luck,
Knocks at every door;
Scant distinction makes he
'Twixt the rich and poor;
Woes aplenty has he
In his ample pack;
Fertile his invention—
And his heart is black!

Old Man Hard Luck,
Enters every life,
Bitterer than worm-wood,—
Keener than a knife;

Hopes grow dim before him,
Hearts must ache or break
And death and devastation
Follow in his wake.

Spooks may not dismay us,—
Neither ghost nor ghoul,—
But Old Man Hard Luck
Downs the bravest soul!

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald. *Arthur Goodenough.*

TOMORROW

Let's meet tomorrow strong and brave
Forget the past, which now is dead,
The fragments only try to save
Of good that has been done and said.
What if some dreams have lately fled
There still are greater hopes to gain,
As down life's winding path we tread
Its greater laurels to attain.

Let's meet tomorrow unafraid,
Today is just the time to start.
Success and progress can be made
It's up to us to do our part.
Let's start again with faith anew,
Behind the clouds the sun still shines,
Many a man has made the grade,
Though caught back of the fighting lines.

Let's meet tomorrow unafraid
And keep the faith through to the end,
Greater achievements can be made—
So many now on us depend.
Let faith and hope and happiness
Replace the day of gloom and grief.
The yesterdays have passed away,
Tomorrow offers glad relief.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald. *W. H. Pease.*

DAGUERREOTYPE

Stored away in the attic
Locked in a cedar chest,
Wrapped in the softest paper
Carefully laid to rest.

Quaint little folded casket
Fastened with tiny hook;
Seemed to invite one's longing
To lift up the latch and look.

Linings of purple and velvet,
Cased in a frame of gold,
Circling the sweetest picture
Painted in days of old.

Face, a marvel of beauty,
Curls to the waist hung low;
Dear old grandmother's picture,
Many long years ago.

Flowered gown of beauty—
Pantalets gay with stripes—
Tell of a worn-out fashion
In the old daguerreotypes.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.

Rose L. Holden.

INHERITANCE

Ed Hunt was careful.
He never made a move
Without considering the consequences.
Probably that was what made him
The champion checker player of the village.

When he began to think of marriage
There was no danger that his heart
Would run away with his head.
He went about finding a wife
With the same care he'd use
In investing the money he made
In his grocery store.

He made it a point to go to all the gatherings
Where he could meet eligible young women.
He wasn't satisfied with judging just what he saw.
He took pains to look at the mothers.
He felt he could tell a good deal
About the kind of woman a girl might grow into
By observing her maternal ancestor.

At last he settled on Mattie Shelburn.
She was rather plain and perfectly willing.
Her mother was a good housekeeper and careful.
She had the misfortune to be a grass widow
But Ed felt sure the husband who had left her,
Before she moved to town,
Had been the kind of villian she said he was.

Some years later Ed's matrimonial venture
Was under discussion at the cobbler's.
The carefully selected wife had turned out to be
A poor homemaker, extravagant, and a little wild.
She had led poor Ed a merry chase.
"Don't see how a woman like Mis' Shelburn
Ever come t' hev such a young one."
Hiram Elkins was talking.
The cobbler reached for a handful of pegs,
"By gol, Hi, I guess Ed, with all his calculatin',
Fergot t' look up her Pa."

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.

Walter Hard.

HAUNTED HOUSE

Dead cold ashes hide the hearth,
The house is still and drear;
For long it's been a haunted thing
That's reeked with dust and fear.
Sly spiders weave the silken mesh
That witches use for veils,
As mice squeak out the wedding march
And mark time with their tails.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
March 26, 1933.

Thelma R. Johnson.

TIME

Dawn . . .
And then the gracious sun;
But scarce my hand has touched the plow,
When lo! the day is done.

Spring . . .
The hum of laden bees;
A precious day 'neath summer skies—
Then flaming maple trees.

Youth . . .
And then the call of life;
A few strong blows I take, and give—
Then falter in the strife.

* * *

Time, thou art a fleeting guide!
Pause, and let me dream;
Give me an hour of loitering
Ere the candle gleam.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
November 22, 1933.

Kenneth S. Bennion.

EASTER MORNING

The still-remembering world has wept all night
In sorrow for the cross of long ago;
Throughout the sable hours there's been no light,
No star to tell the traveler where to go;
The wind has sobbed above the tortured trees,
The sky has thundered in its disbelief,
The flowers have been stricken to their knees
As though they vainly sought for some relief.

Yet, this morning there is radiance on the face
Of nature; and a calmness, sacred . . . new;
The sunlight's warmth eradicates each trace
Of devastation; skies are tranquil, blue.
What transformation wrought; unfelt, unseen;
Death done, forgotten; Life triumphant . . . clean!

The Salt Lake Tribune.
April 16, 1933.

Christie Lund.

WINTER SONG

The first star quivers in an iris sky,
The moon is a bent ghost marching by,
My laughter ends in a thin, sad cry.

Rapture is a high hill, I must wait below;
Youth is a gay lad I no longer know.
Love was a fool's dream long ago.

No one must know what tears I hide.
I keep my pain locked deep inside,
And smile quite bravely, for very pride!

The Salt Lake Tribune.
January 22, 1933.

Rosannah Cannon.

SPORT

I counted him my friend, until he said:
"I wounded one, but lost it in the brush."
Now, looking at him, I see an antlered head
With bright eyes startled, and I hear the rush
Of anguished hooves; I feel the violent breath
From delicate nostrils, as he loses pace,
Falters, and falls amid his blood. Pray, death,
Go quickly to that piteous hiding place!

The Salt Lake Tribune.
October, 1933.

Maud Chegwiddden.

HIDDEN PAIN

I hide my sorrow in a smile
When I go out to walk,
And then no one will ever know
When they commence to talk.

They ask me where it is you've gone,
Unheeding my distress;
They do not know the darting pain
Of wistful loneliness.

As they pass by with nodding heads
Their whispering lips will say,
"She has forgotten, one can see" . . .
I will pretend that way.

The San Francisco (Calif.) Examiner. *Coleen Aslin.*
September 26, 1933.

IN MEMORIAM

Since time began it ever has been thus—
Well, sleep is strengthening . . . Many of us
Grown infinitely weary, long have mourned
The old and dear. Now we're but illy warmed
By life's faint afterglow . . . What purpose
To stay on, once having run the course
As best one could? From full years grew the force
I've now, spite failing flesh, the Ultimate
To brave. Death! lag not, nor yet hesitate
Our sure encounter—if adventuring
With you restores things dearer far to me
Than life—My soul of avarice is free,
And I would count the world well lost beside
Heart issues for which men have gladly died.

The Sioux City (Iowa) Journal. *Fay Willoughby.*
April 14, 1933.

I WOULD BE WITH THOSE I LOVE

I would be with those I love
When discs of dusk come down,
And high in the sky above
The stars of God look down.

I would be with mine own
At beaming candle time,
Where the dearest hours known
Bear laughter's silver chime.

With mine own and mine with me,
The sunset hours are blest,
With childhood's necromancy
And prayer, and sleep, and rest.

The Sioux City (Ia.) Journal, *Anthony F. Klinkner.*

TO A SPARROW

This day a blizzard at my window howls,
And the sky's face is dark with scowls.
The robin pipes in summery Panama,
Where Winter's finger has no gift of law.
The lark, perchance, where Texan gushers spout,
Blends with their rumblings his gladsome shout.
But you, wee sparrow, steadfast here remain,
Despite the frigid tempest on this plain.
Afar, in bays and bayous greenly hemmed,
The snow-white brant and wild goose idly spend
These bleak, raw hours. Anon, likewise
The wren and swallow sought the tropic skies.
But you, against whom men delight to rail,
Front, cheepingly, this blinding gale.
I am not sure but what just Providence
Will, in some future sphere, each sly offense
Of yours condone, and, only remembering
Your faith and pluck which spread no pilgrim wing—
That Unseen Hand—not lifted to assail,
May elsewhere free you—a nightingale.

Will Chamberlain.

The Sioux Falls (S. D.) Argus-Leader.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

From the quiet hills he came,
Taking from their breast
A silence as their own;
The ruggedness of granite peaks;
The strength of weathered stone.

To the quiet hills he has returned,
Locked in his silent heart
Whatever flights of soul he had
Beyond the ordered mart
Of world affairs, in which he moved;
Not mourned today, in passion's
Quick and tender way,
But after ages . . . strong and true and loved.

The Spokesman-Review.

Virginia Keating Orton.

I HAVE LOST MY YOUTH

I have lost my youth!
Shall I smile or weep, calamity-singers?
Shall I wail, oh, tragedy on a holiday?—
Or chant pastorals in praise of passing days?
The sun arose and youth was at my side,
But night descended in a soft still calm
And a silent, thundering message whispered:
“Gone, fool! Your youth is gone!”
I saw the gnomes of age about my eyes
And felt a vibrant shiver wrack my frame:
Search the clouds! The woods! The sky!
Search the inane highways I have known!
Search the brutal moments chattering in the past!
Festered fragments may be found—
Must be found!
Who is the abductor? the seducer?
What is this treasure I have lost?
The sky—(cynically)—looks down;
Eternity looks down!
Ageless clouds look down!
They see a madman
Battling giant time for phantom yesterdays.
The days are short, the years are shorter!
And graying temples curse the tide.
I had planned, truth-pillager,
Planned so much,
Planned great things, of no import.
That which I would have done,
I shall never do;
That which I should have done—
The beckoning hand of youth
Was but a lure,
An aberration of the vapid planning mind.
The truthful tale is the stiffened joint,
The vibrant chill of creeping age.
Shall I beat with bleeding fists
The granite walls of destiny?
No! Come, age; sweep, time.
I know the law, the changeless law:
All things must ever change
To come again . . .
Perhaps in glory.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican.
“Poet’s Corner”, February 15, 1933.

Cullen Jones.

SARA TEASDALE

"There will be stars over the place forever,
There will be stars forever while we sleep."
—Sara Teasdale

Saint Louis singer of fair songs the world will not forget!
Rare painter of the spell that lays upon the heart!
Weaver of words with April showers and spring raptures wet,
You wove of fragile gossamer threads with enduring art!
The seasons gave you moods as winds give moods unto the sea,
You fixed the stars of faith in skies for those who saw no sky,
You left in song the sweets of busy years as happy bees,
Pilfer the flowers to teach men to work and pray and—die!
The red up in the western hills bespeaks the coming dawn,
The dewy chalice glistens for the morning's primal song,
The flaming suns of noon will melt day's candles one by one,
And stars will speak your name among the wise who loved us long!

*The St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Anthony F. Klinkner.
February 15, 1933.*

OPEN THE DOORS OF LIFE!

There are no lives; there is only life.
There is no death; there are only deaths.
For men may die but there's not a knife
Which ever can end all creatures' breaths
—Unless you speak of the knife of cold
When earth grows icily white and old.
Not even then will the stars be rolled
Like blots on parchment that wise men fold.
The end of the tale of the spirit told!

There's only living where deaths are gates
That swing on hinges both shut and wide,

And no misfortune obliterates
The humble spirits' God-given pride
—The "spirits"? Wrong! For all spirits are one.
All lives are His. And whoever shun
The least of creatures reject the Son.
With doors of class and of creed be done
And open wider with Life begun!

The St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch & Pioneer Press.
January 1, 1933. Ralph Cheyney.

SEMINOLE SNAKE DANCE

Bronzed figures
Bend and sway,
To the mad beat
Of a tom-tom
Squirming serpents
Twist and writhe
Clamped fast
By yellow teeth.
A low chant through
The night air
The Seminoles dance
Their snake dance.

The Stampede. *Bob Senning.*
April 21, 1933.

TRIBUTE TO CALVIN COOLIDGE

I.—The Man

When cares of state bore down too heavily,
He found her side and whispered, "Let's go home."
He never liked the White House, though it be
The corallary of that golden dome,
The Capitol, arena of the fight
Where progress . . . retrogression, lance to lance,
Each claims himself the champion of the right.
A man unmoved by pomp or circumstance
Of quiet humor, gentle way and slow,
With red-brown hair, good color, hazel eyes . . .
A nodded "yes" . . . a clipped and trenchant "no."
His slightest word seemed weighty, pondered, wise.
And yet, "he did not choose to run" again—
Soul weary of this "all things to all men."

II.—Credo

"Do the day's work," he said, "and do not be
A demagogue because men call you so;
Protect the weak, whoever disagree,
The righteous—strong, as well, though men say no.
Be revolutionary as science or
Reactionary as multiplying rules;
Do the day's work, be honest to the core
Though men may call you standpatters or fools.
Raise not the strong by tramping down the weak,
Nor lift the weak by pulling down the strong . . .
Do the day's work," so much did Coolidge speak—
The silent man of legend and of song.
Will history one day write large on its page
He ushered in our greatest golden age.

III.—His Grave

Back to the rock-ribbed mountains of Vermont . . .
A silent man among his native hills;
Unmoved alike by over-praise or taunt,
Mob-violence, group thinking, stubborn ills,—
His might have been a shrine in Arlington,
Among the mighty, visited by throngs.
His simple choice was that, his day's work done,
He lie with father . . . and son, where wild bird songs
And mountain pines should sound his requiem;
Where speckled trout flash past remembered nooks
Of Alder thickets where the ruffed grouse drum
And scraggly clumps conceal the nests of rooks.
Among the haunts which knew his boyhood feet
His manhood, wearied, found its loved retreat.

*The Staples (Minn.) World. Margarette Ball Dickson.
February 20, 1933.*

WE KNOW

Ah, WE know the Lord is coming,
As we read the many signs,
When the hearts of men are failing,
At the chaos of our times,
As we hear of wars and rumors,
'Mid the gathering shades of night,
And we scan the eastern heavens
For the first bright ray of light.

But we've still another reason,
As the weeks and months slip by
And with hearts aglow, expectant,
Eagerly we search the sky,
For our spirits thrill with rapture,
Ache with longing and desire,
And our keen anticipation
Warms us like a glowing fire.

More than any signs and wonders,
As Thy children watch and wait,
Does this thrill of expectation
Tell us Thou art at the gate,
We forget our days of suff'ring,
All our weariness and sighs,
As we lift our hearts to heaven
To behold the Day Star rise.

The Sunday School Times.
May 20, 1933.

Alice E. Sherwood.

MY LITTLE BOY

My little boy is very fat,
But I don't even think of that—
And when he looks at me and grins
I just forgive him all his sins.

He has a rabbit, very white,
A play tent painted green and bright,
Some gleaming gold fish in two bowls,
And one or two old fishing poles.

Three spinning tops, red, white, and blue,
You'd be surprised what they can do!
A cowboy suit, a gun, a hat,
A lasso, too—just think of that!

To us these would not mean a thing,
But O, to him what joys they bring!
Dear God, please let him always be
Content with little things, and me.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

Virginia Haldeman.
"The Gulf Gleam", September 3, 1933.

LINES TO AN UNAPPROACHABLE GODDESS

If passion pales, compassion have on me!
For why must you, my love, my love decline?
I only ask a moment's ecstasy—
Your lyric lips—no more—to meet with mine.

Give me one sweetly tantalizing taste!
Does my presumptuous appeal repel?
I would you would not let your lips lie waste,
Unkissed, while kisses wait for them . . .
Ah, well—

Though you withhold from me your body's charms
Our lips remain forever separate,
Though other lovers lie within your arms—
Still, you and I are far more intimate.

Though other maids to me may be more kind,
May even wish to play Aspasia's role—
Yet I have had some glimpses of your mind,
And you—and you alone—have seen my soul.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Philip E. Barney.
"The Gulf Gleam", September 30, 1933.

FLAME ORCHID

This is the fire that lit our love,
The light beside our path;
No more its candles glow above
Love's bitter aftermath.

Now the grass is drab and dead,
The orchids bent and brown,
Beside the path you took that led
Away from me to town.

Still my heart enfolds that flame,
Bright torch above the grass,
Tho' now all seasons are the same,
And all too slowly pass.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Adelaide Muller.
"Gulf Gleam".

PARADOX

My heart has need of simple things—
Leaf-shadows on a wall,
The gentle fall
Of silvery rain
On cottage roof and windowpane.

My heart has need of simple things—
A garden's twilight hush,
The radiant flush
Of dawning skies,
The bright-hued flash of butterflies . . .

Ah, yes; the very simple things
Make me far richer than most kings.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

Mary Borein.

"The Gulf Gleam", September 9, 1933.

DUST OF MY DUST

Part of the pollen on the air,
Part of the brook that runs to sea,
Part of a song a bird shall sing,
Part of it all—this I would be.

Part of the elements at play—
Lightning that flashes through the sky—
So shall departure come to me
Swift in its strength—when I shall die.

Swift as the earth spins round the sun,
Calm as the moon that draws the sea,
Small as a star in the Milky Way—
Silent of soul when death claims me.

When twilight hours are breaking through
Like sunset piercing pearly clouds—
This be the last my soul shall know.
Dress my body in death's dark shrouds.

Out of my mother's tortured womb,
Blood of my father—flesh and bone—

Blow my remains upon the air
Dust of my dust that dies alone.

Filter this dust on warm Spring air
While sunlight turns it into gold;
Then let it settle on the earth
Until new seeds from it unfold.

Part of the pollen on the air,
Part of the brook that runs to sea,
Part of a song a bird shall sing.
Part of it all—this I would be.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Caroline Parker Smith.*
May 15, 1933.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Although he'd say she did not leave the room—
He saw her there in her bright, fragile dress—
All afternoon she walked on some far mountain
Breathing the brittle air of loneliness.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Edith Fulton.*
April 16, 1933.

SONG FOR A BROKEN FLUTE

O sometimes think of me more tenderly,
When evening smooths the glimmering lagoon,
And palm trees meet the sunset by the sea.
Yes, dream of me and do not wake too soon.

Can you remember that enchanted hour,
When herons call from mangrove swamp and lake,
The startled clasp, the warm heart like a flower,
That lifts one single bloom for love to break?

Can you still look on jasmine down a river,
And then forget the vows you whispered there?
O walk again where palm trees bend and quiver,
Can you hear music . . . and then not care?

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Roland Cooke.*
"The Gulf Gleam", September 6, 1933.

THE FIST OF THE SEA

The fist of the sea
Is a powerful fist,
As many a barque must know,
And many a rock and many a reef
Can tell of its fearful blow.
The fist of the sea
Is of glittering mail,
And down before it
The land must quail,
And a tremor runs through the quiet earth
When the bully sea comes in,
With a romp and a roar
At the trembling shore,
Shaking a white mane o'er and o'er,
Raining its blows in a maddened fray,
Counting the land out every day.
Restless, unconquered, the fist of the sea,
Hammering the shore incessantly.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Clarence Milligan.
"The Gulf Gleam", February 13, 1933.

PREFERENCE

The law allows a girl to smear
Her lips and cheeks with tangerine
Or bluish red. I shall not sneer
Or growl if she decrees them green.

(But I reserve the right to yell,
When lips appear au naturel.)

Some men enjoy their little nip,
But raise a row if wifey swigs.
If girls want something on the hip,
Shall I cut in with dirty digs?

(Not I; but nearly any fluze
Can string me if she doesn't booze.)

Fresh cigarettes will make you mild,
And mild ones make you fresh, I'm told;
So step up, girls, be reconciled
To fags, and keep from growing old.

(I'm sure it cannot wreck your life
If I select a smokeless wife.)

A boyish bob is cool and neat,
And speaks out loud for woman's rights;
A half-inch crop can't hold the heat,
Much less fine sand and parasites.

(Pst! I've been known to walk ten blocks,
To see a dame with nice, long locks.)

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

J. A. Frost.

TO ONE AWAY

Always when she went away from us before,
She found delightful things
That she could hardly wait to show to us,
And often as good fortune smiled on me
To let me go to her,
Exultingly she led me to her treasures:
Perhaps a hedge of hollyhocks,
A stretch of shore,
Perhaps her woods, the real wild woods
Untouched as yet by man,
Perhaps a wild crab-tree in bloom,
Or friends, new-found ones, oftenest babes,
Sometimes a boy with merry mischief laughing in his
eyes,
Sometimes a saint, sometimes a statesman,
Once an aged Negro courtly with the grace of gentlemen.

But now that she has gone from us and calls not back
With eagerness to share her precious spoils,
I know that she is listing them for us,
The thrills of Paradise!
It was not fair to apprehend surprises that we planned
For birthdays and for Christmas,
And we may not spoil celestial ones with blundering
guesses,
But calmer is our glad expectancy of that fair land,
Since these, her dear, fine hands outstretch
To lead us to the joys that would bewilder mortals.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Deborah Brown.*
"The Gulf Gleam", November 14, 1933.

FARMER'S WIFE

She watched him,
In a sultry noon,
Behind a plow
Drawn by a plodding beast;
She thought then
Of another summer noon
And of his vow
At that last college feast—

He whispered,
Under all the noisy chat,
"You'll be, at least,
"Wife to a Diplomat."

The Wasp News-Letter *Jean Steele Marlatt.*
"The Poets' Corner", December 9, 1933.

MUSICIAN NRA

He came in uninvited
On a chill day in the fall
And hid behind the chimney
In a crevice in the wall.

He wasn't very comfortable;
He didn't like the cold;
He huddled in his corner,
But his heart was brave and bold.

"I know this is a fire-place—
"All my instincts tell me so.
"I'll just wait, and I'll be patient,
"Till the fire begins to glow."

At last a meagre little fire
Began to warm the brick.
"I'd better tune my fiddle now,
"And get my work in quick.

"There's hunger here and want and woe
"That I must drive away,
"I feel that I must 'do my part'
"I've joined the NRA."

His audience was unaware
A genius was near,
They crouched about the tiny fire
With faces mute and drear.

Then, suddenly, the silent gloom
Was rent with happy sound!
The faces lighted hopefully
And smiled at all around.

"No doubt," said they "these times will pass.
We have an omen here!"
The cricket bowed—and played again—
"Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!"

The Wasp News-Letter. *Margaret Ennes.*
"The Poets' Corner", October 14, 1933.

TO CALVIN COOLIDGE

Say not, Calvin Coolidge is dead!
But sleeping—though we bow our head
In sorrow at his passing—

Today, a nation's flag swings low,
Stirred by breezes that mournfully blow
Over land and sea—to water's edge
In silent tribute to Calvin Coolidge!

Loyal, in service;
Loyal, in deed;
Loyal, to man
Regardless of creed.

Sleep, gentle sleeper, sleep,
And may those that love thee
And by grief oppress,
Begrudge thee not—
Thy sweet and well earned rest!

The Wasp News-Letter. *Clara Holzmark Wolfe.*
"The Poets' Corner", January 14, 1933.

TWO WALLS

I built a wall around my heart;
I vowed to keep love out . . .
I would be foot-loose, fancy-free,
With naught to fret about.

For I had heard young lovers tell
Of heartaches, tears and grief,
Of happiness, and paradise
And joys beyond belief.

I wished no joy or heartache . . .
Why bother with it all?
And with determined purpose
I built a steadfast wall.

But as I builded, Love contrived
A clever point to win—
He slipped inside and built a wall
That doubly bars him in!

The Wasp News-Letter. *Harriet Mills McKay.*
"The Poets' Corner", August 19, 1933.

SEA TRAGEDY

A ship reached to port one day from out a living gale,
With a stump of foremast and a wisp of ragged sail.
Her colors flew at half-mast to show she met distress,
Her upper-works were shattered, the decks a cluttered
mess.

They let her ride at anchors for several weeks or more,
Then they towed her to the docks aside the harbor
shore.

The caulking irons sang and the blistering rivets flew,
With curses of the workmen and curses of the crew.

When her new white sails were bent to spars of polished
pine,
And her stays and halyards had a glowing golden
shine,
She sailed to the sky's edge and faded far from sight,
Into streaks of white light on another stormy night.

The murky morn awoke where a shore was green with
stones,
Among her drifted wreckage were sailors' scattered
bones.
O'er those bones of ship and men the dying storm-winds
blew,
On what was cursed by workmen, and what was
cursed by crew.

The Wasp News-Letter. William Anderson.
"The Poets' Corner", July 22, 1933.

WHEN JESUS FED THE CROWD

Hie you back to Palestine
Unless your heart be proud
And you will find the place today
Where Jesus fed the crowd.

Upon the Heavenly Tree there grow
Twelve manner of fruits for aye—
Earth's starving, moaning millions find
The tree too far away.
I know the desert's kindlier
Unless the heart be proud
For I was once in Palestine
When Jesus fed the crowd.

The angels tune their golden harps
Around a golden street
Uncaring that the ranks of men
Have very weary feet.
Lovely the smile that lights the Land
Of never fading day
But O the healing in the tears
Of dark Gethsemane.

So, when the little children call
Alike from West and East
Because there is no bread of mirth
To make the morrow's feast
I croon not of the pearly gates
Nor mutter prayers aloud
But hie me back to Palestine
Where Jesus fed the crowd.

Flora Cameron Burr.
The Williams County Farmer Press.

AFTER FORTY

I've lost the path to Carcassonne,
I can not find the rainbow's end,
I have forgotten that Black Swan,
The flowing river has no end.

And yet, I've held a yellow rose,
This morning's rising sun was bright,
The wind from out its province blows
And stars shall stud this onyx night.

The scarlet feather and the fern
My hooded eyes no longer see,
And yet my cottage fire will burn,
It makes delicious toast and tea!

Isabel McLennan McMeekin.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

"Attic Salt", April 28, 1933.

ALMS FOR MEN

No beggars whimper in the trees,
Or almsmen in the singing grass;
Distilleries and granaries
Are open to the winds that pass.

No heart-break, fear, nor ragged want
Shames this domain, where food is spread
For all who toil; no mendicant
Out of the gutter begs for bread.

These forest freeholders, when night comes,
Are housed as warm as in a fold
The shepherds tend; safe in their homes,
Against the sky and wind and cold.

Man only is without his board
And bed, owning no roof nor key;
Why title him, then, as the lord
Of creatures who have more than he?

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

"Attic Salt", November 4, 1933.

Alex R. Schmidt.

BETTER PART

Duty
Serves the house of my heart
With Martha-sternness,
Drudgingly;
While beauty
Chooses the better part
And, drawing near,
Communes with me.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt", August 5, 1933.

Marie Barton.

CONTENTMENT

I have a wife, I have a son,
I have a daughter dear to me;
Between four oak trees on a hill,
My house looks out across the sea.

The house is painted glistening white,
The shutters are a pale sea-green;
A flowering vine climbs up the porch
And sun and shadow fleck the scene.

My dog and cat sleep on the porch
Through all the droning summer day,
My wife is busy with her cares
And round the place the children play.

At eventide I come from toil,
My wife stands smiling at the door,
My dog runs down the little path
And wags his welcome more and more.

The shadows lengthen on the wall;
The simple evening meal is o'er;
My wife sits knitting by the fire,
The children play upon the floor.

Here was I born, here have I lived;
This soil is very dear to me,
And when I die, here I would lie
Upon the hill above the sea.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt", February 28, 1933.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

GOING HOME

I woke with dawn because I had
So many things to plan, to see,
Before I took the train for that
Dear town of my nativity.
But Oh, each task was light as foam
And quickly done, thinking of this:
I'm going home . . . I'm going home.

How eagerly I longed again
To see the house I loved so well,
Meet friendly folk, ruddy, deep-tanned,
Walk fertile fields, know the warm smell
Of plow-turned lands, and softly touch
Dear treasured things of childhood days
That I have learned to love so much.

And O the smile, the kindly word!
The warmth of heart and outstretched hand,
The "Glad to see you . . . Come right in"—
And little things hearts understand
Like hoarded news of joy and pain,
Of birth and death; old tales retold
Of childhood and its loss and gain.

And then a thought came suddenly;—
Would I be just as glad as this
If it were death had come for me
To take my hand and softly kiss
My waiting lips, and say "Oh Come,
The dawn is here, awake, arise . . .
You are going home . . . you are going home."

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Mary Pollard Tynes.*
"Attic Salt", December 16, 1933.

PATTERNED AFTER

I make the house my staying place
And give it loving care;
It is my duty and desire
To make it sweet and fair.

And then the garden calls to me
All bright and blossomy too,
So full of joy and mystery,
I find enough to do.

And oh! I let the world go by
With all its busy ways,
It does not mean as much to me
As home and garden days.

And so I pattern after them
The world within my heart,
Reject the evil, keep the good
To make of me a part.

Florence Van Fleet Lyman.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt", April 3, 1933.

MINOR STRAINS

With eager hands groping, vehement, beseeching,
I plead for one chord of your Lydian harmony,
But though you have wooed me, enticed me and beck-
oned,
You swiftly retreat and elude me.
Like as a painter who seeks ever vainly,
With eyes rapt and hungry, the color desired,
I follow and listen with fingers aquiver,
In mute supplication enthralled.

You are shrouded and veiled in soul-baffling mystery,
I almost embrace you—one moment of ecstasy,
Then lo, you have vanished and left me,
Pensive, defeated, and sad.
Shadows and sprites that leap from the firelight,
Radiant with phantasies, dream fugue and promise;
You falter, you waver, then glide from the reach of
me—
O wild notes forever untamed!

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt", April 28, 1933.

Helen McMahan.

RECONCILIATION

The stinging sleet pecked sharply at our cheeks;
The burning cold bit through our very bones.
You looked at me and smiled and pressed my hand,
And with that look (the storm had raged for weeks)
I gave you bread, and took back proffered stones.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *John Judson Haining.*
"Attic Salt", April 28, 1933.

OLD HOUSE

I saw it—nothing stirred at all
In mouldy stifling air—
Yet someone in her bridal robe
Was coming down the stair.

No sound—I swear it—could be heard,
And yet, a fretful cry—
And dreaming echoes sang themselves
Into a lullaby.
No sound? Yet in the stillness
That old lonely houses keep,
I heard gay laughter ringing through,
I heard a woman weep.

If you like lonely houses
With their mouldy stifling air,
If you like haunted houses
With ghosts coming down the stair,
They'll speak—and speaking,
Forget that they are old,
Forget how finally and long ago,
Their story has been told.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Mary Peaslee Root.*
"Attic Salt", August 5, 1933.

TO ROOSEVELT ON INAUGURATION DAY

We sowed our votes as hopeful Autumn seeds
In what has seemed but fallow sterile soil.
Too often have we seen the budding spoil
Itself in weed and bramble,—petty deeds!
With eager hearts we watch the blade emerge
Surrounded by the shafts of smothering cares.
We reach out blindly to remove the tares
But find the sickle useless in the surge
Of life now uncontrollably complex.
We can but hope you have the strength to grow
And overshadow weeds;—to somehow know
The thorny pathway through Depression's wrecks!
God grant you strength to win on to the light,
The strength of calm and quiet and the right!
The Wisconsin State Journal. *Sam Bryan.*

EASTER, 1933

To-day to every heart the Easter story
Comes like the white dove of the Voice of God
And we whom Fate has hounded turn again
Away from all the sorrow of the past
To meet the splendor of a brighter day.

This year the agony of Christ was ours.
We too have known the pressure of the thorns—
The bite of spears—the horror of a cross—
And we have knelt alone through long, long hours
While friends we cherished slept or walked apart.
Each cloudy day saw some Hope crucified.
Each gloomy night found us remembering
All we had lost and nothing we had won.

But now we see each winter-smitten tree
Break into leaf, and out of barren ground
Flowers arise—above us birds lift up
The glory of their voices while the Spring
Crowns even Life with beauty.

He who died

For us arises now—the stone is rolled—
Upon the sky the Shadow of His Cross
Fades and is gone—and life begins anew.

I know that if this Son of God can rise
Out of the darkness of the Shadow of Death,
We too may rise out of the gloom around us.
For in us all a spark of the Divine
Lies buried deep awaiting years like these
That we have known.

I know the Easter story
Is like the breath of God upon this spark
Quickening it to a refining flame
That burns away the memory of each cross
And every spear and thorn that we have known
Leaving but scars to prove we have endured.
I know that Faith and Hope have risen to-day.
I know that Courage rolled away the stone
And that she lives to roll the stones away
From every tomb of dreams that we have mourned.
And so—because I know—I do not fear
What Time or Fate may bring, for I have faith
That, as He rose, so we may also rise
Purged of our griefs and glorified by tears;
More ready now to lift this world of ours
Out of the darkness nearer to the light.

Thomas Randall Berkshire.
The Zanesville (Ohio) Times-Signal.

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